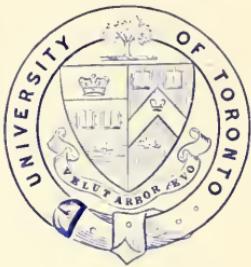


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Laura Maurer

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The
Hampstead
Annual

1897.

Edited by ERNEST RHYS.

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PREFACE.

To WRITE a preface to an Annual published in the (formerly) rural village of Hampstead ought not to be difficult, because the place is full of associations literary and artistic. Yet, because it is an Annual, with, one hopes, many years of prosperity before it, we must not take the whole story of the place at once, nor attempt to restore, in a page or two, past scenes which in this and future issues may be placed before the readers of the Annual in many pages. For my own part, I have been a resident of this suburb for fifteen years only ; a large slice out of the life of one man, but very little in the life of a town. Yet in that brief time how many names have I come across in Hampstead which will be remembered in after years in connection with the place ! Of the dead, I may set down the names of Cotter Morison, John Pettie,

Preface.

Edwin Long, Frank Holl, George Du Maurier, Sir Spenser Wells, William Allingham, Mrs. Gilchrist—all and many more, which I do not at the moment recall—gone from us during that time. Of the living one may not speak : there are among us still, happily, artists, authors, actors, journalists ; men and women whose names will be added to the long list of worthies of Hampstead : there are men of science and learning : divines, physicians, and those learned in the law. More than its share, let us believe, of the intellect and wit and scholarship and science of the time, has fallen to the possession of Hampstead.

The Northern Heights of London have always been a favourite place for the excursions of the citizens, even in mediæval times. They came here, first, on pilgrimage. There was a holy image of the Virgin at Muswell Hill, and another at Willesden. There was also a third at Gospel Oak. The faithful came out in the summer to spend a long and happy day in pilgrimage. Not Rosherville, but Willesden, was their chosen spot for an outing. They started at sunrise, getting outside the city gates as soon as they were opened. You may picture the little company riding and walking ; the women mounted, the men trudging. They are as full of life and spirits ; they laugh as freely ; they make jokes as merrily, as Chaucer's company when they started from the Tabard Inn—they tramp noisily through the narrow streets of London, where

Church Row, 1897.



Preface.

the kites are already swooping down upon the offal and refuse thrown out before the houses ; the casements overhead are opened a little for the girls above to see what company it is that passes by so early ; they arrive at Cripplegate as the guard sets back the creaking heavy gates ; they tramp out across the bridge—a hermit, whose cell is beside the gate looking out upon the ditch, watches them as they go—and they find themselves upon the broad and open fields, upon the moor, where the quagmires are crossed by narrow causeways. The air is cool and sweet ; the lark sings in the sky. A pilgrimage was the most delightful thing in the world. Some mistaken souls, to be sure, went on pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Erkenwald, in St. Paul's Cathedral—but surely the Black Virgin of Willesden was more efficacious than the Saxon Saint ! Some went to the shrine of St. Ethelburga by Bishopsgate—but surely it was far better to make up a party and set forth all on a summer morning, in the fresh air and the sunshine, outside the narrow streets, and seek the Virgin of Muswell Hill, and perhaps fare farther, even unto the Virgin of Willesden.

A pilgrimage consisted of certain prayers and religious exercises on the sacred spot. These once performed, the rest of the day was spent in amusement. There were taverns and booths outside the chapel. There, soothed and comforted by the consciousness of meritorious exercises,

Preface.

the good people gave themselves up to music, feasting, singing, and dancing. At eventide they turned their steps homeward again. All the summer's day, however, they wandered about the hills—Muswell—Highgate—Hampstead : they sat about on the Heath, which was then much what it is now, save that it had fewer trees and no roads or paths, and abounded with creatures that are found there no more.

When pilgrims ceased and the images of these three shrines were destroyed in a certain memorable bonfire, there was no longer any excuse for a visit to the northern hills. I take it roughly—I have not any book of reference at hand—that Hampstead was deserted for something like a hundred and fifty years. When visitors began to flock to the place again, roads began to be made; inns began to be started ; there was promise of health in the waters ; there sprung up Assembly Rooms, lodging houses, public breakfasts, and balls. That was the second period of Hampstead. Long before this ended the third period began—that of the suburb, with its quiet residents, mostly of the wealthier class, who built for themselves good houses with great gardens, two or three of which still remain. The fourth period, that in which we live—the Iron Age—has seen the erection of streets over fields, lines of villas, high houses of staring brick where there were formerly picturesque and lowly shops ; the flat has appeared amongst us—the staring, big, impudent,

Preface.

bully of a flat : we are a borough. More than that, in summer we are the breathing ground of a huge population for whom the Heath is the nearest place of recreation and fresh air. For the houses and the streets we are resigned, since there is no help. For the multitudes who flock to the Heath to breathe the summer evening air and to enjoy the summer Sunday ramble, we have nothing to say but to welcome them ; to implore them not to destroy the gorse and the fern ; to invite them to come often, and to entreat them of their charity ; of their kindness ; and of their tidiness ; not to leave lying about, to be blown here and there by the four winds of heaven, the paper in which their delicacies have been wrapped.

WALTER BESANT.

October 5th, 1897.





George du Maurier in Hampstead.

BY CANON AINGER.

BY the death of my dear and valued friend, George du Maurier, there is added yet another name to the distinguished roll of departed artists and authors for which Hampstead was already famous. In Hampstead he had passed practically the whole of his artistic career. His skill as a draughtsman was as yet "in the making" when he became a resident in Church Row some thirty years ago. From that date onwards he was continuously improving in his art. Not alone in humorous imagination, but in mastery of line and in all technical qualities, he was always proud to admit that he was a learner, and still to learn.

Genius may, or may not, be adequately defined as an unlimited power of taking pains; but unquestionably that gift enters as an

George du Maurier in Hampstead.

important factor into the genius of du Maurier. He never, save on emergency, drew the "human form divine" otherwise than from the model. Even when the one weak eye that he had to depend upon was giving him trouble and anxiety, he never made it an excuse for scamping his work, or being perfunctory in it. Nor was he ever satisfied with anything short of absolute accuracy in details of furniture and decoration. In matters of dress alone, especially that of the gentler sex, his exact rendering of the fashions of each successive season makes his work invaluable for all who in future may be treating of the costume of the past thirty years.

Du Maurier has indissolubly connected his name with Hampstead. He dearly loved the place, and had reason for his love, if only because its pure and bracing air, and the scenery of the Heath, which made his daily walks delightful to him, unquestionably kept him in health, and enabled him to work, and to enjoy work, even in the latter years when the strain of authorship was added to that of his ordinary work for *Punch*. His familiarity with every nook and corner of the Heath and under every aspect, is to be recognised by all students of his drawings who know the locality. There is hardly a picturesque bit of the Heath that has not at some time or other formed a background for his subjects. It was between the Firs, near the "Spaniards" and North End

George du Maurier in Hampstead.

that his young æsthete admitted that he had never yet seen a sunset that came up to his ideal—"at least," he added, "in nature." It was by the White Stone Pond that the endless round of galloping donkeys suggested to him the "Ponds asinorum." It was near a familiar row of cottages in North End that he saw the little creature of eight years old defying her drunken father to "'t mother again if he dared!" He has drawn for us the "tobogganning" down the hill in front of Judge's Walk; and the skating on the Highgate Ponds, with his admirable punning application of the poet Gray's Alcaics :—

"Felix! in imo qui *scatentem*
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."

It was close to my old home in Branch Hill that we were both spectators of the rude little boy throwing sticks at his governess, and being gravely rebuked by an old lady who chanced to be passing, for being so naughty: "Not half so bad," retorts the young reprobate, "as what *you* did last week;" a reproof which, possibly embodying an element of truth, left the old lady for the moment without an adequate reply.

For fifteen years George du Maurier was the constant companion of my walks upon the Heath, and no one can have had better opportunity of testing the unfailing charm of his conversation, the width of his reading and observation, and his inex-

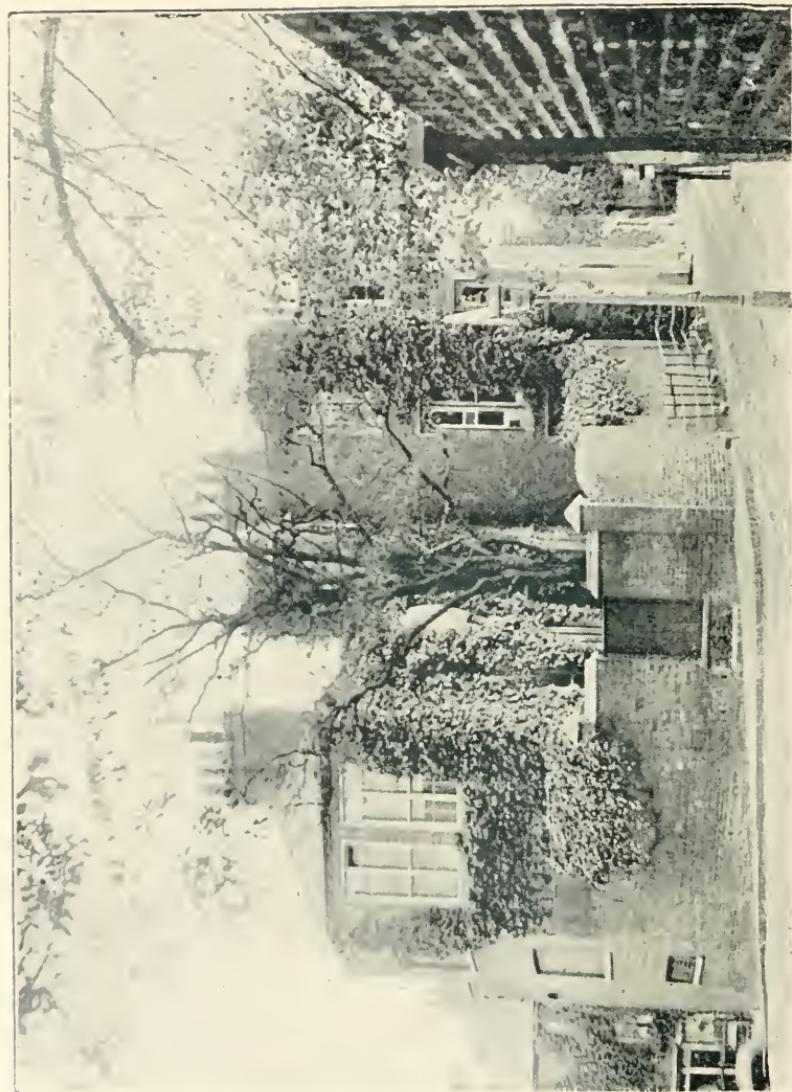
George du Maurier in Hampstead.

haustible fund of anecdote. It was thus that I first heard every detail of his school life and his studio-life in Paris, which have since found a place and delighted thousands in the pages of his three works of fiction. It was there that I heard of the practical jokes played by the art-students on "Little Billee;" and the story of the penniless school-usher, ashamed to confess his poverty, and rather than join his comrades in a dinner of which he could not afford his share, retiring, under the excuse that he was pledged to dine elsewhere, and being found eating a bun in solitude. It was there that I heard of the French drawing master taking his pupils out into the fields at the hour of sunset, and, watch in hand, gravely announcing, "Messieurs, à cette heure, le jaune de Naples va rentrer dans la Nature." Perhaps also after this lapse of time I may recall how, on Hampstead Heath, many subjects for *Punch* came to be discussed between us in the course of conversation. It was during a stroll, I remember, that something suggested to me to relate an incident that had occurred many years before to myself and a party of friends during certain rambles in the country. We were walking near Foot's Cray, in Kent, when we came upon a creature of the weasel tribe, lying dead in our path. One of the company remarked, "It's a weasel." A second expressed his conviction, on the contrary, that the animal was a stoat. "But it's

George du Maurier in Hampstead.

stoat-ally different," objected the first speaker; to which the second retorted, "Why, it's so weasel-ly distinguished." The occurrence greatly pleased the artist, who duly reproduced it in *Punch*, placing the dialogue in the mouths of two pedestrians, who, after their respective deliverances, "go on their way unabashed."

One of du Maurier's most famous jests, in the days of Maudle and Postlethwaite, took its final shape one day in Hampstead, and by a singular chance arose out of a University Sermon at Cambridge. A certain well-known humorist of the hour had remarked that the objection to Blue China (it was the special craze at that moment) was that it was so difficult to "live up to it." This utterance had been lately taken somewhat over seriously by a special preacher before the University, who, discoursing on the growing extravagances and frivolities of the age, wound up an indignant tirade by an eloquent peroration to the effect that things had come to a sad pass, when persons were found to talk of "*living up*—to a *Tea-Pot*." At this juncture the jest seemed ripe for treatment; and du Maurier thereupon produced his famous drawing of the aesthetic bride and bridegroom comparing notes over the precious piece of crockery in question: "Oh! Algernon! Let us live up to it!" This exquisite drawing, in which the rendering of various textures, silk, velvet, and others, in black and white, has probably never



NEW GROVE HOUSE, HAMPTON, WHERE GEORGE DU MAURIER LIVED.

George du Maurier in Hampstead.

been surpassed, is in the present writer's possession. We owe it, as I have said, to Hampstead air and its many sylvan beauties that du Maurier was able for so long, notwithstanding defective sight and health gradually failing, to prosecute his daily work with scarce an interruption. Only once, in all the years I knew him, was he forced to lay his pencil by for a season. His solitary eye had temporarily failed him, but with spirits unsubdued, he promptly took up the art of lecturer with marked success, although from the first it was against the grain. When, however, after an interval his sight returned to him, and moreover the literary instinct, encouraged doubtless by the success of his lectures, began to quicken, he found, as we all know, though then past fifty years of age, a new public and a new career in writing fiction. Except to his intimate friends, and to his colleagues on *Punch*, the display of this gift was an absolute surprise. But he had, in fact, always possessed it, and the constant practice in composing appropriate dialogue for his drawings had perfected him in one important branch of the novelist's art. He had contributed occasionally both in prose and verse to *Punch* since his first connection with that journal; and Tom Taylor, among others, had often pressed him to become a regular member of its literary staff. It may be hoped that at some not distant date, these scattered, and of course anonymous contributions (notably those in verse) may be collected.

George du Maurier in Hampstead.

Mr. Andrew Lang has recently pointed out how the less familiar art of the Writer proved itself, when the opportunity came, easier to him than that of the Draughtsman. He wrote with extraordinary, and even dangerous, facility. It is fair, however, to add that his best passages were often produced as rapidly as all the rest. For instance, the scene in "Trilby" where the mother and uncle of Little Billee arrive in Paris, on hearing of the engagement, and have their first interview with Taffy, was written straight off one evening between dinner and bed-time; and the scene, in the judgment at least of the present writer, represents du Maurier at his high-water mark as a novelist and as a worthy follower of the great master on whom his style was undoubtedly based. But, as Mr. Henry James pathetically remarks, such *tours de force* as this have to be paid for; and we all sorrowfully admit that the double strain of pen and pencil broke down an energy which, when sixty years were told, needed more and more to be "kept from wasting by repose."

Hampstead was moreover a real foster-mother to George du Maurier, not only in what it brought him, but in what it saved him from. He was by nature and by practice one of the most generous and hospitable of men. He loved to entertain his friends from town, and to take them afterwards his favourite walks. But he disliked dinners and evening parties in London, not because he was

George du Maurier in Hampstead.

unsociable, but because good dinners and long journeys "took it out of him," and endangered the task of the following morning. The distance from town and the long hills made late hours inevitable. To listen to some new book read aloud in the studio, which was also the common sitting-room of wife and children, made the chief happiness of his evenings. When he made an exception and dined in town, he went and returned in the modest fly, and used playfully to pretend that when he was the guest of some important leader of fashion, in order to avoid the scorn of the "pampered menial" on leaving, he directed the humble vehicle to be summoned by the name of "Sir Hampstead Landau."

But we must not further draw the curtain and reveal the domestic life of one of the tenderest of husbands and fathers. As a friend, as also in the realm of humorous art, his loss is irreparable. Substituting the name of Hampstead for that of Cambridge, one may recall the touching stanzas of Cowley on the death of his friend, Mr. William Hervey :—

" Ye fields of Hampstead, our dear Hampstead, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about, which did not know
The love betwixt us two?

Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid."



A Ride to the Front.

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON,

LATE WAR CORRESPONDENT IN GREECE, AND AUTHOR
OF "NEIGHBOURS OF OURS," ETC.



EVERYONE thought the war was over. All but two of the few correspondents who had been in Epirus had jogged back to peace and luxury. In hope of reaching an honest post office I had myself journeyed down from Arta to Patras, and had spent three days with the others there—three glorious days of security and animal delight, in the midst of splendid sunshine and abundance of things to eat, spread out in gardens blowing by the sea, whilst in the pomegranate blossom above our heads the nightingale sang to the rose of her old passion. I cannot tell what deep instinct it was which drove me back from such a scene to the gloomy and comfortless region we had left. "To return would be an artistic sin," they all kept telling me. Yet from time to time a voice called me not to stay, and privately

A Ride to the Front.

consigning artistic virtues to another sphere, I arose one mid-afternoon from the wine and luxurious converse, and was carried across the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth, out of sunshine into the grey and purple storms which lay brooding over the wild Ætolian shore.

It is a strange and almost unknown land, that region of Ætolia and the Acarnanian bays. Nourished by long lakes and brimming water-courses which flow through forests of ilex and the dark valonia oak, it is different in character from the rest of Greece, and its history has been different too. The gods were there early, and left it late, but they did not love it much; or perhaps because they loved it they gave it little fame, reserving it as an uncultured retreat for their discredited immortality of age. The dwellers in its mountains and slips of plain were always savage, cut off from the rest of Greece, and speaking a dialect almost as rude as a barbaric tongue; yet here between the mountains and the sea is Calydon, to which Atalanta came, and beside the flat lagoon at Missalonghi lies the heart of the last of the Titans. Travelling northward, about half a day's ride from the plentiful village of Agrinion, where the women show the last traces of southern beauty, and where even in the war it was still possible to live without starvation, you come upon the full torrent of the old Achelous—the White River as they call it now—swirling down from the snows and immense gorges of Pindus;

A Ride to the Front.

and but a mile or two beyond the river the narrow road is still almost barred by the remains of massive walls and gates, the ruins of some old Greek city which moulders there untouched. A shepherd told me its name was Stratos; and at the word a pathetic little passage in Thucydides came dimly back to my mind. For does he not tell how a detachment of Athenians once tried to penetrate into Ætolia, and at some place called Stratos they were surrounded by the semi-barbarians, and destroyed? This then was the scene. Here those bright Athenians, men who had heard Pericles and watched the Parthenon building, looked their last upon the sun. They were surrounded and destroyed.

For the rest of that day's ride the road became still more desolate, passing at first over a wide uncultivated plain of scrub and marshy reeds, in which here and there a frightful black buffalo with knotted joints and pale blue eyes was wallowing, and then through miles of forest land with glades leading up over mountain cliffs to other untrodden valleys and mountains beyond, a region fit for mediaeval adventures or the more sombre of Boccaccio's tales. In the evening, after skirting a long and shallow lake which has no outlet, I crossed a low watershed, and came suddenly upon a narrow inlet of the Ambracian Gulf, on the shore of which stands the blue and white village of Karavassara, the hospital base for the army of Epirus. I slept

A Ride to the Front.

that night on a restaurant table, which I secured by a certain selfishness and pride of race, and from that point of vantage looked down upon a floor deeply strewn with the breathing forms of some forty or fifty men. They were Irregulars, volunteers who had joined in the war on the principle of "go as you please," and from beginning to end were one of the main causes of disaster to Greece. Whether any of those who slept around me that night died next day I never discovered, but for that night at least they slept like the dead, and very unearthly they looked as they lay side by side, their rifles under their heads, their shining cartridges wound about their chests, and their short petticoats sending up a rare savour of the fat with which they were carefully greased to keep off the wet and vermin.

At the first sign of light among the stars, we were all up and out in the pellucid air. The Irregulars crowded hastily into a tiny war-ship which was to carry them across the Gulf, and I pushed forward along the main road mile after mile towards Arta, under a sky like ivory, so smooth and cool. On one side of me the deep purple waves just lapped and gurgled with breaking crests against the rocks, and on the right, far away in front, the growing crimson of morning gradually revealed the snows of Pindus, across which I had struggled from Thessaly some three weeks before. As I rode on, the birds woke up; the black-headed gulls laughed along the shore, and eagles rose in spiral circles

A Ride to the Front.

without a movement of their breadth of wing, till the hidden sun touched them and they shone against the blue like discs of gold. Soon all creatures upon the earth were astir. By the edge of a little pine wood I saw with pleasure long lines of that peculiar thing which our naturalists call the Processional caterpillar, and the Greeks the Soldier. Head to tail for yards together, whole battalions of them were creeping in single file to fir trees new, on the tops of which they might weave their thick-spun nests. How they learnt their strategy, why they alone should practise it, how their leader is appointed or knows his way, I have not discovered. The Greeks think they never turn into moths but are doomed to be worms for ever—the Wandering Jews of insects. But the moth is in fact common enough in its season—a fat and fluffy thing like the English tussock. At one place, too, I caught sight of the iridescent blues and greens of a bee-eater, the only example I saw in Greece, though they swarm just over seas on the coast of Asia. And rather further on a pair of huge pelicans were floating on a white lagoon, and at sight of me vanished down the purple west with their heavy and powerful flight. Just over their heads the sun touched the cliffs above Preveza, where it stands confronting old Actium across the entrance of the Gulf; and at that same moment the heavy gun from its fortress boomed over the water, and further along the peninsula, where Augustus built his City of Victory

A Ride to the Front.

in evidence that the Empire of East and West was his at last, I heard the far-off mutter of rifles, and saw a thin smoke rising up. Like bird and beast man was occupied with his business, and the large body of Irregulars who had been landed there the day before were at their work betimes.

After the road leaves the sea, it runs for the remaining fifteen miles or so straight for Arta itself, through low hills and along a wide valley. From holes and corners of the rocks on either side the way, from the shelter of little olive trees, or from beaten circles in the standing crops, browned and hungry faces peered at me as I passed along. They were Christians from Epirus, who had fled before the Turk when he reconquered their homes, and now with children and flocks were living as best they could, satisfied if they could save life alone in those squalid and precarious encampments. On the road I met more and more of them still on the move, all hurrying southward to escape, the women bent double under their enormous loads of bedding, cradles, and live-stock, the children paddling through the dust with terrified efforts to help drive the cattle on. From their numbers and haste I saw that some new fear possessed them; and when at last under the full blaze of the midday sun my horse went stumbling over the mediæval pavement of Arta's main street, I found the smell of orange blossom indeed still heavy on the air, and the innumerable brown hawks still chasing flies like

A Ride to the Front.

swallows and screaming from roof to roof; but the long lines of trenches were empty now, the army had gone, and on the steps of the Byzantine Cathedral the old men, the women, and the young were crowded, with eyes fixed in silent anxiety upon certain blue lines and patches which were slowly moving up a bit of green plain and into some rough grey hills beyond the river. Suddenly they all crouched down and drew in their breath as a shell from our own big gun in the fort above the town went shrieking on its sightless course far over our heads to burst among the Turks two miles or more away. With inexpressible joy I perceived that the war had indeed begun again, and that we were making one more effort for victory. Crossing the ancient bridge into Turkish territory once more, I soon came up with the main army itself. An advance of all forces had been ordered. Within an hour firing became general, and full of that strange mixture of terror and courage with which men enter battle, our battalions pressed forward into the hills. Then the litters began creeping back towards the town. In some lay the wounded, who moaned or screamed with pain. In others the blankets were drawn up over the face, and the form beneath was silent now, whilst from the bagging canvas the blood dript unheeded, for it no longer mattered how much of it was lost. So on that thirteenth of May, man went forth to his labour until the evening, and the long and terrible battle of Grimbovo began.



THE VALUE OF HEALTH, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

W. H.

HENRY HOLIDAY.



Five Rondeau.

BY H. BUXTON FORMAN.

KEATS.

"I should like to cast the die for love or death."

—KEATS.

For love or death fain would I cast the die
And take what falls, for weary-weak am I
With this brute world that sets before our gaze
Things that are beautiful in all their ways,
Then whirls us off or ever we come nigh.

Her face, the one bright star in all the sky,
Wrings from my heart full many a stifling sigh :
God grant the grave or her :—hear him who prays
For love or death !

For sick well-nigh to perishing I lie
And see her beauty sweeping, swooning by,

Five Rondeaux.

As in some glimmering dream where nothing stays;
Till I desire not any length of days,
But send my soul out in one bitter cry
 For love or death.

31 August 1878.

TWO RONDEAUX FOR CHATTERTON.

I.

"The sleepless soul that perished in its pride."
Gave up the valiant struggle and turned aside
Ere eighteen years of life were ended—say,
What verdict shall be written of it to-day?
Murder, shall this be called, or suicide?

But out alas ! the world is cold and wide ;
And hard as iron is pedantry defied ;
 And thou who couldst not ask for bread didst lay
 Thy body's life apart in shameful way,
Leaving to men what surely shall abide—
 The sleepless soul,

Five Rondeaux.

II.

“The marvellous boy,” the Bristol sexton’s son,
Who saw strange visions ere his feet might run,
Was held for dull by parents whose strait wit,
Gazing on heaven’s reflex, knew nought of it,—
To whom rapt dreams and dulness were as one !

And when this dreaming infancy was done,
What wonder the creative spirit should shun
The folly that of fraud might not acquit
The marvellous boy ?

’Twas so priest Rowley’s being was begun,
And all that rich romantic fabric spun :
A century’s dunderheads in judgment sit,
Till the unsubstantial witness off doth flit ;
And Rowley’s ghost is lost in Chatterton,
The marvellous boy.

24 June 1883.

Five Rondeaux.

A RONDEAU

ON THE RONDEAU.

Why pass beyond the limits of our stave?
The Rondeau, as the Sonnet, is no grave
Wherein to bury murdered Liberty ;
But in its narrow space you may be free
To weep or sing, nay free to mope or rave.
That bees rejoice in prisoning flowers, we have
As word from him whose hardy soul was brave
Against the world for half a century :—
 Why pass beyond ?

Free brother critic, call me not a slave
Because my willing spirit climbs the wave
Whose twice reverberate echo strikes a sea
Of twofold simple sound. For if to me
All that I needed this same measure gave,
 Why pass beyond ?

23 September 1878.

Five Rondeaux.

L'HOMME PROPOSE

I thought to make the Rondeau, thought to build
And crown its fabric slowly as one skilled
In smithying gold some sumptuous cup, with stem
Of twisted snakes, and many a priceless gem
Wrought round the fretted edge. And then I willed

To brim the bowl with nectar thrice distilled
From all the flowers Love's alchemysts have killed
Since the world was : a goodly drink of them
I thought to make !

But if my smithying hand were terror-stilled,
Or half the nectar from the flowers were spilled
Through evil hap, I know not, nor can name
The cause that brings me at the last to shame
Seeing how poor the cup (and poorly filled)
I thought to make.

24 September 1878.



Hampstead Houses.

BY MABEL COX.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. PERCIVAL SMALL.

CHERE is a constant feeling of regret in the minds of the inhabitants of Hampstead at the gradual disappearance of the old town, and, as its features are one by one about to be effaced, this feeling occasionally manifests itself in more or less public protest.

Even as lately as ten or twelve years ago, Hampstead was a very beautiful place; and if it is ever again to recover its lost beauty, the first step to take is to find out in what it lay, and what causes have mainly contributed to its destruction. That Hampstead was attractive to cultivated and sensitive minds is shown by the fact that so many of its old houses have been the homes of artists in every sphere of art. The reason for this is certainly not that these



ANNESEY LODGE.

Annesley Lodge
Platt Lane,
Suffolk, 1877

Hampstead Houses.

old houses were architecturally beautiful—very few of them had or have any pretension to style. The cause of their great charm is a different and deeper one, and lies in the fact that their builders, perhaps unconsciously, invested the buildings with what Ruskin calls the Poetry of Architecture. They are entirely appropriate to their uses and surroundings. Their greatest beauty is that they are unobtrusive and subservient to the scenery, in which they stand; they give the impression of being points from which to enjoy the scenery, and not of having been invented as presumptuous embellishments to it. A village street of clustering shops and houses, straggling with infinite variety up the side of the hill, a few homely mansions, and groups of simple cottages, formed the Hampstead of only a few decades ago; all the actual beautifying was done by the lavish hand of Nature and the softening hand of Time.

That this delightful and restful village should pass away is naturally a grief to those who knew it in its beauty. However, old houses, like people, must go when their time comes. After all, romance is not solely centred in what is old, though we would fain keep the houses of those who left a mark on their times, and though we have a right to be indignant when the natural process of their disappearance is expedited by the landowner's desire for increased rents. We must have sanitary housing for those that are living, and we must

Hampstead Houses.

remember that every age must express itself in its art.

Therefore, our distress at the alterations in Hampstead should not be so much at the loss of old houses, as at what we have acquired in exchange. Unfortunately, the new parts of Hampstead are not beautiful. Nobody, after walking from the bottom to the top of Fitzjohn's Avenue on a July noonday, could pronounce it, with its glare of brick, an artistic (even suburban) success. Nor are the streets of villas, faithful copies in miniature of these mansions, in spite of their situation on the skirts of the Heath, more satisfactory ; it is doubtful if the least æsthetically sensitive mind could rejoice in the blank desolation of South Hill Park. But perhaps the worst feature of new Hampstead has been produced by the tall and hideous blocks of dwellings (both at high and low rentals), which are everywhere springing up. The flat system of dwellings is permissible in towns, where the blocks are in proximity to other large buildings ; and since such a style has been an artistic success on the Continent, there is a chance that in the dim future it may be a success also in English towns. But in a suburb, and a wooded hilly place particularly, these huge dwellings are especially obnoxious, blotting out the view, over-topping and destroying the trees—in several cases beautiful old gardens have been destroyed to make room for them.

WOOD CARVING IN LLOYD'S BANK—(from a Photograph).



Hampstead Houses.

There is no remedy for this sort of thing except public opinion. So long as people pay more for equal houseroom in the cellar or loft of a barrack than they will consent to pay for an ordinary dwelling-house, so long will the inevitable economic result follow—namely, that landlord and builder between them will substitute for rational houses the abominations that are called in more crowded districts industrial dwellings.

There must be something other than what has been built up to now, which will be able to replace the old houses no longer fit for habitation, without doing violence to the natural beauty of Hampstead, or to sound economic principles. There is no use in bolstering, restoring, or imitating the old place, Hampstead is no longer an isolated village, an arm of the great town has stretched out to it. The very face of the country where the old village lay is changed, and what was a wild expanse is now nothing more than a town park—in short, Hampstead has become a suburb. It might be, however, the most beautiful of all the suburbs. There is still sufficient of nature uneffaced to make it possible to build for and not against her. There are still magnificent trees, old gardens, still the wonderful views, and the open space.

To use to the full these natural advantages the houses must be, above all things, simple; they must be low and unobtrusive to be an artistic success, and, as they will probably be the houses

Hampstead Houses.

of middle-class people, they must not be pretentious copies of mansions. As an example of how beautiful such houses may be, we have the one lately built at the corner of Platt's Lane and Finchley Road. Here is a house which is content to be obviously a middle-class dwelling, and yet which by its extreme simplicity of form is entirely dignified, appropriate, and beautiful. One other charming building of recent date is the Bank premises at the corner of Pilgrim's Lane and the High Street; this, with its green shutters and green slates, to which the attention is drawn by the beautiful roof-line, is very attractive. Both these buildings introduce a most necessary reform by the use of colour, as a relief from the glare of bricks to which we have been enslaved; and they alone serve to show what is possible, and that our more enlightened architects are beginning to lead public opinion in the right direction.





COTTAGES, NORTH END.



Distinguished Inhabitants.

BY ROBERT F. HORTON.

HAMPSTEAD has been the abode of many distinguished people, though its present inhabitants do not much concern themselves with the fact. It was a little group of American enthusiasts that marked the house where Keats lived and composed, so they say, the "Ode to the Nightingale." It was they and not the inhabitants of Hampstead who placed the bust of Keats in the Parish Church. A few people know the house which Dr. Johnson used to frequent, and a good number glance up at the little window on the wall of Wildwoods where the great Chatham chewed the cud of his fantasy and sought to escape from the world. But I never met anyone asking for the house in the Vale of Health which was occupied by the gay and prosecuted spirit of Leigh Hunt, and I never

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saw even a casual visitor gazing at the house of Constable, the house which he occupied when he made the immortal pictures of the Heath, although for ten years I have lived within a stone's throw of its site. Perhaps we think it snobbery to haunt the footsteps of the great, and let their shades alone for the same reason that we hesitate to call on people who live in larger houses than ourselves. Our vestrymen would feel that they were wasting the ratepayers' money if they were to find out and mark the houses where these ratepayers of the past lived and paid rates or tried to avoid them. And perhaps it must be owned that a large number of the present ratepayers come from countries or from circles of thought where the masters of English literature and art are not names to conjure with.

We have also a great company of distinguished inhabitants at the present day. I have not ventured to institute a census ; but nearly every street has its writer or statesman, or others whose names are more prominent in London than those of statesmen or writers. Perhaps we act kindly in allowing them to pass unnoticed. But no anchorite was safer in the Desert of the Thebaid than the distinguished man who retires from the glitter and fame of the city to this suburban retreat. Here his opposite neighbour does not know who he is, and the postman and the rate collector alone are possessors of his name.

Distinguished Inhabitants.

In writing a page or two on distinguished inhabitants, however, I do not mean to enumerate the great names of the past; and it would be invidious and interminable to mention and discuss the great names of the present inhabitants. But speaking as one who has been going in and out of these houses for eighteen years, I have rather a different idea of the term "distinguished inhabitants"—I mean by it the people whom in looking back, or even in a present survey, I myself distinguish as emerging in some way from indistinguishable humanity.

All houses, it has been said, where men have lived and died, are haunted houses. And I have an impression that all houses which have been inhabited for five-and-twenty years have had distinguished people in them. It is not necessary to read novels in order to encounter remarkable characters; you have them here on the spot. I have read no fiction so interesting as the facts and documents of human life which I have found in these Hampstead houses. All the elements of tragedy are here, and all the things which move the silvery mirth of the comic muse are here also.

Knowing no place so well as I do this, I cannot say whether it is exceptional or not. But if the rest of London is like Hampstead, and the rest of the world is like London, it is an amazingly interesting world we live in, my masters: Shakespeare's characters at every turn,

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and Shakespeare's dramas transacting themselves in every quiet street.

It would be more amusing to speak of oddities and eccentricities. As the man of the hour is always he who can make us laugh, I doubt not that the humour of the thing would best commend itself to the reader. And I will not deny that there is room for honest laughter which does not transgress against kindness. Surely the comic spirit itself provided the pair who came to me to be married—he, short and nervous, entering on the married state not for the first time, she, tall and composed, and magnificently attired—and when I asked him if he would have this woman, etc., he replied, in vague recollection of another kind of questioning, “I renounce them all!”

And surely it was for the sustenance of life that a vegetarian apostle came to me one day, and in one rapid breath, admitting of no departure from a monotone, and no punctuation or pause, assailed me thus : “I have taken the liberty of calling on you in order to commend the principles of vegetarianism I myself have just had for lunch an apple and a few nuts and am fit for anything if any man will do the will he shall know of the doctrine the proof of the pudding is in the eating.”

But it is not of inhabitants distinguished by their suitability for caricature that I would speak, but of those whom the divine poet is needed to celebrate. They rise up before me as I write, a

W. & D. Downey



HAVERTOCK HILL—(*a/cr Constable*).

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long procession ; I fancy I see them in the houses as I walk the streets, the patient eager faces, the lives of heroism,

“The courage never to submit or yield,
Or what is else not to be overcome,”

people, men and women, with their sweet victories over poverty and unkindness and neglect, with their dear human foibles, their loquacities, their taciturnities, their trust, their hope, their fear. How many are there of them about whom I could write a volume ! How distinguished they seem, some dead, some alive, the distinguished inhabitants of this popular suburb ! Let me, like Dante, arrest one or two of this phantom company and sketch in a few words the distinctions which in my mind are indelible. It is a mere accident that they are women who stand out in one's recollection. It arises from judging humanity inside rather than outside the walls of the home. Outside, distinguished inhabitants are usually men ; inside, they are usually women.

But here is one whose face and pose suggests that kind of suffering which ennobles. One would say that she had passed through the furnace of spiritual doubt, and emerged believing. The explanation is very different. For many years this woman's husband has been an inveterate drinker. His earnings have never been brought to her ; but he has allowed her to maintain him, to bring up

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his children, to nurse him in the illnesses which his excesses have produced, and to bear the insufferable stigma of a drunkard's wife. She has not failed. With her own fingers she has done all this, with her own fingers and her heroic soul. While he, unhappy man, has sunk little by little into degradation and ignominy, she and hers have ridden triumphant over the engulfing seas, and wear the appearance of dignity, and the chastened beauty of sacrifice and endurance. I confess that I pass the house with some such feelings as a Catholic entertains at the shrine of a saint. For this is a sanctity so simple and unpretentious, a sanctity which so studiously avoids the appeal for notice and recognition, that the canonisation is effected by the impulse of the heart, and the *advocatus diaboli* is silenced before he can formulate his charges. This is to my mind a distinguished inhabitant. It is this kind of heroic character that gives to the place an air of romance, and makes

“A greener emerald twinkle in the grass.”

It would be spoiled if newspapers noticed it; and I should hesitate to give any indication by which the house and the inhabitants could be identified.

Another of the distinguished inhabitants comes to me from the past. I used frequently to think to myself that if I could exactly describe her and

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report her sayings, no one would believe that I was not attempting a character in fiction. Happily distance of time has smoothed the outlines, and the portrait may pass as correct, because it is largely obliterated. A tiny dwarf, not four feet high, hunchbacked and afflicted in many insupportable ways, she had the great gift of the grandiose imagination. She saw herself and her past in all the colours of high romance. The sordid present of poverty and pain, of failing friends and misconceiving foes, was shadowed—or shall I say illumined—by the past of splendour, which was heightened with each narration. Her girlhood's home was a great mansion, with many servants and carriages; even in my acquaintance with her the number of carriages sensibly grew. She had been of much consideration, and had been educated in a superior style. “You would not think, perhaps, Mr. Horton, that I was a lady.” “Better, something much better,” I longed to say; “a great poet, using the imagination which is God's good gift, to gild dull life with the radiant beauties which poets conjure up only for sentiment.” And how distinctly I still see that small pale face, drawn with pain, as she pointed to an antique miniature on the wall, a gentleman in the dress of days long past, with bushy hair and abundant whiskers: “I never loved anyone but him, and he never loved anyone but me!” Ah, the imperishable beauty of the soul that, missing the joys and satisfactions of life, can live in the

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dreams of them, can feel the glow of loves that never were, and dwell in palaces which have been built only in the air. Granted the distinction of the great novelist who is my neighbour, I am constrained to allow that this little novelist, who wove her romance, and used it as her household dress for many years of loneliness and penury and suffering, seems to me in her way just as distinguished. For while it is a great thing to spin your story out of your well-stored head, to receive a long price from your publisher and to be praised in critiques, it is in some aspects of the matter even a greater thing to construct out of a starved heart and a pinchbeck life the fine elements of a story which can clothe the soul in the garments of delight, and, as a fairy palace, transform the inhabitant into a princess.

What a pleasure it was to enter into the spirit of the game, and to advance money in consideration of the grand relatives and the devoted lover of the past, with the distinct understanding that there was some favour implied in the recipient receiving, and some honour to the giver for being allowed to give. On no modern work of fiction have I so readily expended my resources. How willingly now would I at a price recall the stories and the pageants and the splendours which were hidden in that little grave! Surely she was a distinguished inhabitant! And I am thankful now that the pecuniary exigencies of the situation compelled her with

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tolerable frequency to shift her quarters, so that there are several houses, not yet pulled down, which remind me as I pass of that fairy godmother, who conjured up coaches and six before my astonished eyes, and threw the glamour of dreams over hard and even ugly realities.

And there is another, a more distinguished inhabitant still, as I take it, also gone over some years ago to the majority. I trust I do not betray the secret of a home; but she was a woman of colour, brought to England as a nurse to the children by a Jewish family that had lived in the West Indies. It was in one of the large and luxurious houses of this neighbourhood that I went to see her. She had her own apartments in the house, as if she were a distinguished guest. She was bedridden, or nearly so, and her room appeared to be the favourite resort of the whole house. Master and mistress, and children, now grown up, could not get through the day without paying her a visit. And the young men in resplendent and fashionable clothes, going morning by morning into the city, would come and kiss her, as they did when they were children, before they started. There was nothing, except the pathetic aspect which is the inalienable appeal of the negro race, to account on the surface for this great and singular devotion. I did not even learn that the services she had rendered had been of an exceptional character. It was to all

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appearance merely the intrinsic worth of a human soul, that aggressive excellence and virtue which march out unconsciously to make captive human hearts. But I wonder whether in that famous road where she lived for those closing days of her life there has been any inhabitant more essentially distinguished. I know there have been several great academicians whose pictures commanded fabulous prices; but the question occurs whether any of them accomplished anything more extraordinary than this: that a servant, sprung of a servile race, should surmount the deep prejudices of caste and colour, and should win, not the pension which justice and gratitude might pay, but the tender love of a whole household—such love as we only give to our nearest and dearest.

I must be content with these specimens of the endless tale of human worth, of heroism, of genius, of loveableness, which make one feel that there are in this neighbourhood where we live more distinguished inhabitants than we know. While Thomas Fuller could easily fill a book with English Worthies, it might be possible for one with a higher spiritual genius to fill a book with Hampstead worthies, or even with the worthies of one obscure street.





The Legend of the Gardener.*

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

CHERE was once, in the ages gone by, a gardener, of rare patience and discernment. He would go out into wild places, and stooping down, would detect some tiny plant of no moment to careless eyes, and would bring it home to his garden, and tend it with such loving care that it would gain in strength and beauty, surprising and gratifying him with its generous response to his tender fostering.

People heard of his beautiful plants, and came to his garden.

"Ah, you indeed have a rare plant here!" they would say, pointing to one of his treasures; "that must be priceless in its worth."

"No, indeed," he answered; "it is just a wild flower, nothing more. There are thousands like it."

* Copyright in the United States of America.

The Legend of the Gardener.

"But if we bring the wild flowers home, they die," they answered. "How is that?"

"I cannot tell," he said; "unless it is that I care so much, and that I have put my very heart's desire into the tending which I give them day after day, and week after week."

Now one day the gardener was in trouble: great sorrows had encompassed him, and the bright light had faded from his life. It was nothing to him that his garden was beautiful, and that the fame of it had travelled first to one land and then another, and that many strangers sought to learn the secret of his subtle skill. All this was nothing to him. Heavy-hearted he went about his work, finding neither peace nor comfort, until one early morning, when he was wandering listlessly in the desert, weaving round his soul a network of sad thoughts, his eye chanced upon a tiny white flower. There was something in the whiteness of it which held him for the moment spellbound: it was as white as the surf of the fairy Pacific: as white as an untouched field of Alpine snow: as white as one's ideal of a pure mind.

He stooped down and deftly raised its roots, and forgetful of all his sorrows, hastened home with his fragile burden.

But, alas! it was so fragile that at first he did not dare to hope that it would live. It drooped and drooped, and the gardener knew that he would lose his treasure.

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"If I could only have saved it," he thought.
"I have never cared for any flower so much as for
this one."

Well, he saved it. And when at last it raised its head and smiled to his care, he felt a gladness unspeakable.

"Little friend," he whispered, "I found thee in an hour of sadness, and together with thee I found courage and consolation; *and therefore I name thee Friendship.*"

It grew up strong and beautiful, white as the surf of the fairy Pacific, white as an untouched field of Alpine snow, white as one's ideal of a pure mind.

Of all the plants which the gardener cherished, this one called Friendship far outshone them all. Strangers could never pass it by without a tender word of praise, and without asking the name of this plant which looked so chaste and calmly beautiful; and when they had learnt its name, they all wanted it. The rich were willing to pay any price for it, and those who had not money, would fain have offered the best service of their lives, their brains, their hands.

But the gardener smiled always and shook his head.

"Nay," he said, "I cannot sell it, neither for money nor fame nor anything which the world may hold. It is my very own—part of my own self. But go ye out into the wild places, and ye will see many such plants. There they are for every one

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to take or leave. Only have a care in the lifting of them, and in the nursing of them. They are very frail. Still, if you use every care you know, your little white flower, Friendship, will grow up strong, revealing to you all the time new beauties and fresh delights. At least, thus it has been with me."

Then, so runs the legend of the gardener, those who were eager enough to take the trouble, wandered into wild and lonely places and found the tiny white flower, as they thought. But they often gathered the wrong plant, and took it triumphantly to the gardener.

"See here," they said, "we have had no trouble with this flower. From the very first it flourished and grew apace."

The gardener looked at it and smiled sadly.

"So many have made that mistake," he said. "This is not the plant Friendship, but merely its counterfeit, which after a time loses its whiteness, and then it could not deceive any one."

But others who came to the gardener had indeed found the real Friendship, only they could not rear it. They brought their faded plants to him and pointed to them sorrowfully.

"Mine did so well at first," said one of the strangers. "I felt so confident of success."

"Perhaps thou wert too confident, and thus became negligent," said the gardener kindly. "If

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thou triest once more, remember that thou must never relax thy watchful care."

"Ah, how can I ever hope for success now?" said the stranger, sadly. "My heart is sore with disappointment."

"One never knows," said the gardener, "and if thou shouldst ever tend another plant, hasten to tell me how it has fared with thee and it."

The gardener lived to know that many, taught by him, had learned to find the fragile flower Friendship, and to rear it with success: some had failed once and twice and thrice and then succeeded, and others had failed altogether. But there were many who had divined his secret, and he was glad. For he knew how much the world would gain of whiteness.

Then he died, and it is not known to whom he bequeathed his own beautiful plant.

• • • • • • • •

Maybe you have it; perchance I have it. It is surely amongst us somewhere.





Impressions of Elizabeth Rundle Charles (1827-1896).

BY BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL.

EF the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family" has had countless readers who never even heard of the name of Mrs. Charles, Mrs. Charles had, among her many friends of many schools of thought and feeling, some who knew her, not as a writer but only as a woman. The latter was largely my own case; for of her fifty books published during her long lifetime, I even now know but some of those from 1885 onwards—the five, in the preparations for which I had the pleasure and honour of helping her a little—"The Great Prayer of Christendom," "Martyrs and Saints of the First Twelve Centuries," "Early Christian Missions of Ireland, Scotland, and England," "Ecce Ancilla Domini," and "Ecce Homo, ecce

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Rex." Hence I can hardly discuss her as a writer : I must consider the woman. Yet if I have thus a rarely rich variety of gifts, accomplishments, and interests before me, still the whole was so stimulated, pervaded, and crowned by religion, that religion was after all the special characteristic of her life ; and it was religion which, if it separated us on some important points, yet joined us together more and more on other and even more fundamental ones. Hence I would have to consider her on her religious side, a theme almost too high and sacred for the pages of an Annual. And finally, if I am to touch on her religious aspect at all, I can of course but do so from my own point of view. Yet it is evidently a delicate matter for me to even refer to just the very point that I could best observe, her attitude towards the old church ; for I can hardly do so without at least seeming to try and make a controversial point, or else to eliminate or to criticise unfairly, because from the stand-point of convictions she could not conscientiously endorse.

And yet these three drawbacks do not somehow, even though united, succeed in overcoming a strong inward pressure I feel upon me to say a few words about that rich and gracious personality. She was so much more than a writer, however helpful and distinguished ; religion with her was, ever increasingly, conceived in so large and all-embracing a spirit ; the claims of authority

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in general and of Rome in particular were so constantly present to her mind, and her ever-renewed attempts at dealing more and more fairly with them were so noble and so characteristic, that my very drawbacks may perhaps turn out to be, in a way, advantages after all. And so I will try and say my short say, as soberly and sincerely as I can, well aware that it can hardly interest those that only knew the writer, and that it is written from a point of view fully shared by but one or two from among the several friends clearly and rightly nearer and dearer to her than myself. I will say it out of sheer and simple respect and gratitude towards a memory that is dear to me too, and in the hope that it may subserve, however slightly, the cause of such convictions as we had in common. I will try, then, to describe and illustrate the three chief characteristics of her religion, in much the order both of time and value in which I discovered and watched and learnt from them during the all but twenty years of our intercourse, and this within the limits of what can be found more or less in her own later writings.

First came her extraordinary freshness and eagerness of mind and heart; her constant aliveness to great issues, and apparent deadness to small ones. Never once did I surprise her the captive of some petty feeling or imagination. This public-spiritedness her posthumous "Seven Homes" (1896) shows to have been as marked in her

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father as in herself; both were "free, literally and entirely free, from selfish aims and ambitions."* And in her mother, different in some things from her daughter as she was, it was easy to find it constantly: "I am very anxious about the state of Transylvania," this octogenarian mother told me, not a year before her death. "Kneel down and pray that justice may be done for Ireland," she said, on almost her last day, to Miss Mac Innes. But if Mrs. Charles inherited this public spirit, so largely and nobly characteristic of Evangelicalism all along, her careful bringing up was free from the first from any touch of Calvinistic gloom or Puritan restrictedness. "I had no scruples about amusements, or what is called secular literature; nothing was secular—at least nothing need be" she felt, even in the first flush of her "Conversion."[†] Perhaps the characteristic of that school which remained with her most completely to the last was her love of direct and strong emotion, and her spontaneous, unshrinking trust in it. This I think it was that drew her, without difficulty or misgivings, to all popular movements; this that, in the historic past, prevented her enthusiasm for the emotional and intuitive genius of Luther from being chilled or checked by those limitations and inconsistencies admitted to be his by such impartial witnesses as Sir William

* pp. 39, 40.

† ibid. p. 142.

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Hamilton, Henry Hallam, and Lord Shaftesbury ; this that, in her own past, supplied much of the form and force of her "Conversion," deeply sincere and truly representative of a real religious change though it was ; and this that, in the present, helped her for long to believe abroad in the Cabreras and Gavazzis, Loysons and Herzogs for Spain and Italy, France and Germany, and in England drew her so strongly to General Booth's "Darkest England" scheme ; indeed, with strange completeness in one so cultured and refined, to the very externals of the Salvation Army. Nowhere, in fact, could I ever trace that shrinking fear and most impressive repression of pure and keen emotion which finds a classic expression in the "Parochial and Plain Sermons" of John Henry Newman. Such repression would, I think, have given full and continuous play, in her talk and in her writings, to that shrewd, humorous good sense and truly piercing directness of perception of men and things as they really are, such as, matters standing as they did, would sometimes quite startle one, appearing suddenly with cold, clear-cut outlines, as it were afloat on a sea of strongly coloured and undefined, though ever high and generous feeling. With such constant repression and such continuous union she would, I think, have, as writer and as woman, been really perfect of her kind.

And next, I found never-ceasing refreshment in the fine breadth of her sympathies as regards

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race and nationality. Perhaps my being half a German helped originally to make me sensitive on this point ; still, even Anglo-German, Teutonic exclusiveness or arrogance, especially in religion, ever choked me and chokes me still. And surely on this point the majority of us here in England have still much to modify and learn. Whatever may be said in favour of National Churches ; whatever may be felt and thought as to the undoubtedly special religious aptitudes and gifts of any race, of our races ; however certain it may be that Roman centralisation and internationality have also got their special difficulties and dangers of a contrary kind : yet this much ought surely to be borne in mind by us all that, so insular anyhow, this insularity of ours hardly requires doubling by the religious sanction of Christianity conceived as somehow fully right, or even as respectfully discussible, in some purely English form alone. A religion founded by One who, as man, was a Jew ; developed and spread by Jews, and Greeks, and Romans, and Celts, for five centuries and more, the most fundamental of all for Christianity, before a single Anglo-Saxon had received baptism or indeed the racial compound existed at all ; a religion hated above all because international and branded as high-treason throughout the three centuries of its conflict with heathen Rome : such a religion professed now in England by the most mixed race in Europe, Celt and Roman, Angle and Saxon,

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Dane and Norman, all mixing in our veins ; by a race, too, ruling—and ruling justly—more men and races than any other since the world began : such a religion professed by such a race is, nevertheless, often professed by it with a strangely spontaneous and unconscious, yet painfully unchristian identification of religious truth and race or nation. But we have a delightfully increasing band, drawn together too from the most various schools, who feel this as keenly as even I could wish. There is Mr. Ruskin, and his careful editing of the "Story of Ida" and of the "Songs of Tuscany;" and General Gordon, and his grandly explosive protests in his Diary and Letters ; and Dean Church, and his everpresent striving after justice and equity in all things; and Bishop Westcott, and his nobly enlarging conceptions of every race and nation having its special day and gift and mission, each with its own irreplaceable instrument, each called upon to love *that* best, but each bound to remember also that the other instruments are all wanted too, if a human concert is to result as rich and hence as nearly true as may be ; and there is Mrs. Charles. For this note was clear in her writings from first to last ; indeed some, such as her finely winning "Tria Juncta in Uno: Early Christian Missions of Ireland, Scotland, and England," were expressly written to bring home this lesson. "The differences which make us distinct," she says of these three countries, "can never be obliterated, and none

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would wish it. Not 'like in like, but like in difference,' is the key-note of all fruitful union. We cannot abandon the hope that the great national qualities which make the differences may more and more interact, so as to supplement and not to maim each other." And she bids us with her "live for a time in an age when the qualities of the various races did thus actually work together, and in rotation, through the power of Christian faith and charity, each for the infinite good of the rest."*

And last, because greatest and most costing of her qualities, I was struck by her noble sensitiveness to the calls of justice. To be generous and enthusiastic, to idealize either one's own side or even the totality of life, if easy to all good women, was particularly easy to her ; but to check and revise and sacrifice even much of this, itself the result and object and source of so much domestic and national loyalty and love, this is surely rare, even among men. And she did thus strive to become ever more just and fair towards all schools and bodies, not only towards those of a specifically Protestant type, but also towards the High Church conception and party, indeed towards Rome herself. But even to attempt such a revision she had to fight with many an instinct and conclusion, inherited and acquired, and this though her own retrospective

* pp. 11, 12.

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"Seven Homes" (1896),* and even her contemporary "Rest in Christ; or the Crucifix and the Cross" (1850), tell and prove how her mind too, as Dean Church said of Cardinal Newman's, "naturally alive to all greatness, had early been impressed with the greatness of the Church of Rome."† But that had been in her early twenties, and largely a passing fascination. It was only late on in life that she could, I think, have said, at all generally and finally: "Let us not be afraid of the past or of the future; of love of liberty or of reverence for authority. The two tendencies are always there, and always will be there; with their divers uses and their several dangers. . . . We cannot, thank God, suppress each other in Church or State, although we cannot, on the other hand, always like each other's ways."‡ And again: "Let us respect each other's ideals. It is not the ideals on which we differ so much, or the grievances, but the road by which to reach the ideals, and the methods by which to remedy the grievances. But least of all must we lower the Ideal of Christianity, which embraces all that is best in all other ideals."§ She came in fact to claim, as she had always claimed for and from all races and nationalities at their best, so now for and from the various

* pp. 129, 130.

† "Occasional Papers," 1897, vol. II., p. 474.

‡ "Early Christian Missions," 1893, pp. 418, 419.

§ "Ecce Homo, ecce Rex," 1895, pp. 160, 161.

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tendencies and schools and churches, each at their best, "that high sympathetic justice which is the truest mercy."** Now in such a conception we had a large meeting ground. For, though I could not, with her and M. Ernest Naville* look upon the divisions of Christendom as, at bottom, external, or consent to drop wishing and at a far distance working for their eventual, also external abandonment, yet I could and do feel strongly with Cardinal Manning in his later phase,† and with our distinguished Würzburg Theologian, Professor Schell,‡ that Anti-Protestantism is but a poor and repulsive parody of rich and attractive Catholicism, but one degree less ungracious and unfruitful than a directly militant Protestantism ; that Catholicism is but a thin, inconsistent sect in a world much too full of sects already, if it is not, in its ever costing inexhaustible ideal as in its noblest manifestations, inclusive and excessive, representative and protective of all fragments and increments of truth and goodness patent or latent everywhere ; and that it is by the gradual, everywhere expensive growth on both sides of such spiritual thoughts and instincts as we have in common, that what divides and irritates can in the course of ages be finally overcome. Religion was conceived by Mrs.

** *Ibid.*, p. 158.

* "Le Témoignage du Christ et l' Unité du Monde Chrétien," 1890.

† Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning," vol. II., pp. 772—792.

‡ "Der Katholicismus als Prinzip des Fortschritts," Würzburg, 1897.

Impressions of Elizabeth Rundle Charles.

Charles, towards the end, so much as a matter for noble rivalry, each person and each body attempting especially to represent and effect, in life and in thought, more fully than the others that which both have got in common, that I do not think I am simply "improving the occasion," still less showing any disloyalty to her memory, by finishing up this short sketch with such a touch as this.

Perennial freshness and growth, breadth of sympathy, a lasting, ever tightening struggle with herself to be just and fair: how much, after all, that is considered specially masculine there was in the character of this ever most womanly and but too enthusiastic lady! But does not *virtue* mean manliness, and is not the essence of such manliness far beyond the reach of New Women in the one sex or old women in the other, and but found in such a struggle against all injustice and selfishness and self as, not indiscreetly I hope, I have attempted to show at work in Mrs. Charles?





OLD HAMPSTEAD GARDEN, WHICH LORD CHESTERFIELD USED TO VISIT.



Mrs. Allingham.

BY G. R.

TI TH the reproduction of Mrs. Allingham's delightful picture of an old Hampstead garden, there may not inaptly be given some short account of the artist herself. Old Hampstead has reason to be glad that Mrs Allingham should have chosen to come and live in it ; for through her sympathetic art many of its shyer nooks, where apple-trees blossom and wandering walks lead to its recessed and rambling old houses, enjoy a further life, a peaceful existence of the portfolio, or the fair gilt frame, which cannot be disturbed. For we have good reason to cherish all of old Hampstead that is left, now that civilization has come amongst us in eight-piled flats and modern tenement-houses.

Mrs. Allingham has a kindly friendship for old gardens and unfrequented corners of the Heath,

Mrs. Allingham.

and she paints them faithfully before the rising breath of London has dimmed their purer and more living colours. For she has the keen trained artist's eye that detects the blurred smoke tints of branch and tree trunk, and travels far from the destroying atmosphere of cities to gain one added purer hue.

But it is not only the summer aspects of Hampstead that Mrs. Allingham so faithfully observes; her artist's delight is as keen in its windy climbing streets, on winter dusks, when the yellow ascending lamps dot its curving lines, and punctuate the clear darkness beneath the tall rows of houses.

Two powers in particular belong to Mrs. Allingham; the art of expressing the inherent charm and spirit of a place—garden or cottage, or farm or half-rustic street—and the art of expressing the peculiar divine carelessness of childhood. Fifteen years ago, speaking of the work of Mrs. Allingham, Mr. Ruskin said: "At last, bursting out like one of the sweet Surrey fountains, all dazzling and pure, you have the radiance and innocence of reinstated infant divinity showered again among the flowers of English meadows.

Mrs. Allingham's summer fields are really blooming, the sunshine smiles about her cottages, and the children that look forth of the door from their mother's arm or stagger down the path in

Mrs. Allingham.

white or pink sun-bonnet, are live and round and innocent as all country children ought to be.

Mrs. Allingham has, as we all know, done much in black and white, most excellent and telling work of its kind; but for her full strength and charm to be appreciated, we must turn to her water-colours. In these, one is struck by her extraordinary receptivity to differing atmospheres, which gives her the power to render again the charm that takes her. So when we look at a drawing by her of an Irish cabin, or a lonely Welsh farmhouse, or an English cottage smothered in green, we do not only see what the tourist does, but there is also revealed to us what it is that knits the heart-strings of the dweller there about the simple hearth-stone.

One must wander far in such country-places, and then again in the urban regions of studios, to trace the steps by which Mrs. Allingham succeeded in bringing so perfected an art with her to Hampstead. One is inclined at first to say in short that she sketched from her babyhood, keeping a diary of impressions in pencil and colour, old roosters, sick ducks, stray birds and beasts, fascinating little boats sailing on infinitesimal seas of pearléd azure, or beautiful fat smiling babies on a strong motherly arm.

But perhaps this would be hardly fair to the School of Art in Birmingham, which Miss Paterson attended, a young girl, from the year 1862 to 1867; or to the Academy Schools of London, where she

Mrs. Allingham.

worked for years, an enthusiastic student; or to the *Graphic* or the *Cornhill Magazine* in the days when Mrs. Allingham drew pictures for that inimitable Wessex chronicle, "Far from the Madding Crowd."

But it is chiefly since her marriage in 1874 that Mrs. Allingham has been, according to Mr. Ruskin, "doing what the Lord made her for," in representing the gesture, character, and humour of charming children in country landscapes, or in making some wayside house or orchard or green pasture express itself on her paper with the radiance of effect, and the feeling for light and air and glowing colour, which we associate with her water-colours.

It was in the year after her marriage that Mrs. Allingham was elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. Since that date, twenty-two years ago, she has been a constant exhibitor. Some of the most fortunate and characteristic of her drawings have been seen there from season to season. There was hung her lovely picture, "The Young Customers," followed in the same decade, the eighteen-seventies, by "The old Men's Garden," "London Flowers," "The Children's Tea," and "The Harvest Moon." But perhaps it is in her own exhibitions at the Fine Art Society that Mrs. Allingham's work has been seen to greatest advantage. Five of these have already been held, affording a most various and

Mrs. Allingham.

delightful record of her art ; and rumour speaks of a possible sixth.

The Life of Lord Tennyson, newly published, bears record in some of its illustrations of Farringford and elsewhere to Mrs. Allingham's friendship with the poet. It reminds us how often her art has found its inspiration in the Isle of Wight, or at Haslemere, or in other scenes associated with Tennyson.

It must not be forgotten what we owe, too, to Mrs. Allingham in her series of studies of that other great master of the kindred literary art—Carlyle. And Tennyson and Carlyle are only two out of many famous names who lend high associations to the little circle of the late William Allingham—associations that do not find their least vivid remembrance in the sincere idyllic pages of his poetry, and in the exquisite idylls of Mrs. Allingham's painting.

But the tale of these pictures that come from country places to have their last touches in a Hampstead studio, is a tale, happily, still to be continued.





The Song of Mur Jahan in Praise of her own Beauty.

(From the Persian.)

BY SAROJINI CHATTOPADHYAY.

When from my cheek I lift my veil,
The roses turn with envy pale,
And from their pierced hearts rich with pain,
Send forth their fragrance like a wail.

And if perchance one perfumed tress
Be loosened to the wind's caress,
The honeyed hyacinths complain
And languish in a sweet distress.

And when I pause still groves among—
Such loveliness is mine—a throng
Of nightingales awake and strain
Their souls into a quivering song.

FROGNAL :

March, 1897.



Dr. Johnson at Hampstead.

BY GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D.C.L., L.L.D., HONORARY
FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

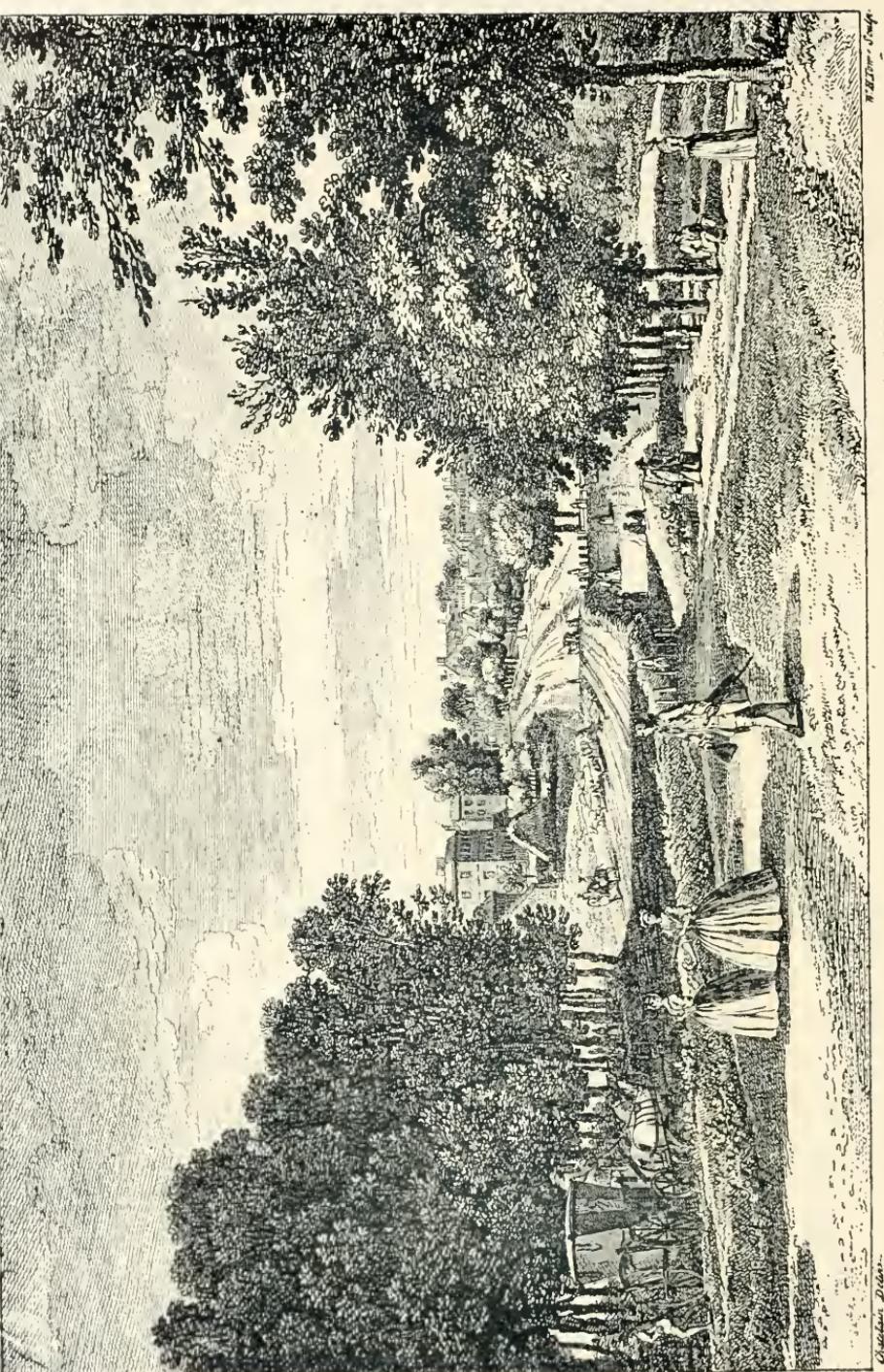
“**T**WROTE (said Dr. Johnson) the first seventy lines in the *Vanity of Human Wishes* in the course of one morning, in that small house beyond the Church [at Hampstead]. The whole number was composed before I threw a single couplet on paper.” The brackets in this passage are not without their interest, for they make it almost certain that it was at Hampstead that these words were spoken. They help to indicate, moreover, on which side of the church “the small house” stood. It was by George Steevens that this anecdote was published a few weeks after Johnson’s death. It must have been in his house at the top of Heath Street that his friend thus called to mind the mode in which he

Dr. Johnson at Hampstead.

had composed his famous poem. By "beyond" he meant therefore either south or west of the church. On the south there was only the graveyard. It is therefore on the west or south-west, in Frogнал, that we must look for the poet's lodgings. John James Park, in his *Topography of Hampstead*, published in 1814, says:—"For the gratification of posterity let it be recorded that the house so dignified was the last at FrogNAL (southward), now occupied by B. C. Stephenson, Esq., F.S.A." As Johnson had pointed it out to Steevens, and as Steevens died only fourteen years before the publication of the *Topography*, the statement seems not unworthy of trust. Thorne, who wrote in 1871, says in his *Handbook to the Environs of London*:—"It is, we believe, the house on the left opposite West End Lane." As he does not tell us which way he is looking, the word "left" does not make the matter any clearer.

Wherever the house stood it was a small one. If in later years it came to be occupied by B. C. Stephenson, Esq., F.S.A., most likely large additions had first been made to it. It was only in a cottage that a poor author could afford to take rooms. "Mrs. Johnson," writes Boswell, "for the sake of country air had lodgings at Hampstead, to which Johnson resorted occasionally, and there the greatest part, if not the whole, of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* was written." In another passage we are told on the authority of a poor lady "who lived for

A PROSPECT OF HAMSTEAD FROM POND STREET, 1745.



Dr. Johnson at Hampstead.

some time with Mrs. Johnson at Hampstead, that she indulged herself in country air and nice living at an unsuitable expense, while her husband was drudging in the smoke of London." The charge of the lodging was no doubt a burthen to him. It is to it perhaps that we owe his noble imitation of Juvenal's Satire. "Nothing excites a man to write but necessity," he once said, "No man but a block-head ever wrote except for money." Only a few years had gone by since he had been driven by poverty to sell the silver cup which his mother had bought for him in his infancy. "It was," he wrote, "one of the last pieces of plate which dear Tetty sold in our distress." Only a few more years were to pass over his head before from a sponging-house he was to entreat Richardson's assistance to free him from arrest. His debt was but five pounds eighteen shillings. The fifteen guineas which he received for his poem—miserable pittance though it was—would have provided Mrs. Johnson lodgings for many a week.

The smoke of London in which he had to drudge would have added nothing to the burthen of a man who maintained that Greenwich Park on a fine summer evening was not equal to Fleet Street. It was, I must admit, in Greenwich Park that he had composed the last two acts of *Irene*, but he was fresh from country life and had not yet taken up the freedom of the City. Eleven years had passed by since then, and he was now a

Dr. Johnson at Hampstead.

thorough Londoner. Unlike Thales in his earlier poem, he loved

“ those cursed walls devote to vice and gain.”

Drudgery he hated anywhere; at this period of his life he was chiefly employed as that “harmless drudge, a lexicographer.” If he had to drudge anywhere, he would as soon have drudged in Gough Square as in Frognal. In his Journal no such entry is ever found as we find in Miss Edgeworth’s:—“Left London and came to Frognal—delicious Frognal! Hay-making—profusion of flowers—rhododendrons, as fine as four of mine, flowering down to the grass.” We must not forget, however, that one summer, when he was kept prisoner in Bolt Court over the *Lives of the Poets*, he sadly wrote, “I hope to see standing corn in some part of the earth this summer, but I shall hardly smell hay or suck clover flowers.”

We might have thought that it was in the pleasant lanes of Frognal or on the breezy heath that he composed his couplets before he threw them on paper. From the account he gave Goldsmith and Boswell of his method of composition, we learn that it was indoors that he invoked the Muse. “He talked of making verses, and observed, ‘The great difficulty is to know when you have made good ones. When composing, I have generally had them in my mind, perhaps fifty at a time, walking up and down in my room; and then I

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have written them down, and often, from laziness, have written only half lines. I have written a hundred lines in a day. I remember I wrote a hundred lines of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* in a day."

I should like to believe that the opening couplet of the poem—one of the worst in it, by the way—was suggested, not only by Juvenal, but also by the wide prospect from the road that runs along the top of Hampstead Heath. The towers and spires of the great commercial city, and the long line of the masts of ships from all parts of the world lying in the Thames below the bridge, had his sight been strong enough to distinguish them, might have prompted him when he wrote :—

" Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

Hampstead, however, may fairly claim as peculiarly its own the lines in which he tells how

" The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath and sings his toil away."

Though the favourite hunting-ground of highwaymen lay on Finchley Common to the north, nevertheless Hampstead Heath was not without its terrors for those who carried purses and watches. On it there was at times to be seen a gibbet on which a highwayman's body hung in chains as a warning to robbers.

Dr. Johnson at Hampstead.

It was, then, in the parlour of the small house that we must picture to ourselves Johnson, in some brief holiday that he had taken from “beating the track of the alphabet” on his great Dictionary, pacing up and down as he composed his *Vanity of Human Wishes*. On the table lie a few sheets of paper with the half-written lines. Fashions in poetry change; noble poem though it is, it no longer holds the high place it once held. Nevertheless Lord Byron scarcely went too far when he said:—“’Tis a grand poem—and so *true!*—true as the Tenth of Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages *changes* all things—time—language—the earth—the bounds of the sea—the stars of the sky, and every thing ‘about, around, and underneath’ man, *except man himself*. The infinite variety of lives conducts but to death, and the infinite variety of wishes leads but to disappointment.” It was with a quotation from it that Sir Walter Scott brought to a close his long life as an author. “Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage” was the last line of manuscript that he sent to press. It was one of his favourite poems. “The deep and pathetic morality of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*,” he wrote, “has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over the pages professedly sentimental.” When Johnson in his old age read aloud the noble lines in which he recounted the miseries of the scholar’s life “he burst into a passion of tears.” Not a tear, we may feel certain,

Dr. Johnson at Hampstead.

was shed when in the heat of the fight the lines were written. It was indignation, not grief, that swelled his heart. His eyes were “dry with rage and extreme toil,” though in a far nobler strife than Hotspur’s, as he thus ended his description of the scholar’s lot :—

“ Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers’d for thee.
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise ;
There mark what ills the scholar’s life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the garret,* and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat’s life, and Galileo’s end.”

In the church, which had been rebuilt only a year or two before Johnson took lodgings in Hampstead, the pious belief might be reasonably indulged that the great moralist was often seen; for however much he had to drudge in London on week days, his Sundays, no doubt, he spent with his wife. I fear, however, that unless she were well enough to take him to divine worship, he was conspicuous rather by his absence than his presence. He always purposed to go—of that

* “After experiencing the uneasiness which Lord Chesterfield’s fallacious patronage made him feel, he dismissed the word *garret* from the sad group, and in all the subsequent editions the line stands—

‘Toil, envy, want, the *Patron*, and the jail.’”

—Note by Boswell.

Dr. Johnson at Hampstead.

there can be no question—but in all likelihood at the close of almost every Sabbath day he lamented the infirmity of his purpose. He had not by this time begun to keep a journal, or we might have found in it such an entry as the following, which he made one Easter Day, nearly thirty years later:—
“I have this year omitted church on most Sundays, intending to supply the deficiency in the week. So that I owe twelve attendances on worship. I will make no more such superstitious stipulations, which entangle the mind with unbidden obligations.”
“I still find a great reluctance to go to church,” he said to Boswell. “One Sunday,” when he was staying with Beauclerk at Windsor, “the weather being very fine, his friend enticed him insensibly to saunter about all the morning. They went into a churchyard in the time of divine service, and Johnson laid himself down at his ease upon one of the tombstones. ‘Now, sir (said Beauclerk), you are like Hogarth’s Idle Apprentice.’” Let us hope that he had no such “gay, dissipated companion” in Hampstead; though I fear that even the Rector would not be grieved if his churchyard could boast of Dr. Johnson’s Sunday tombstone.

More than thirty years were to pass by before there is any record of a second visit paid by him to Hampstead. His wife had been long dead. It was his own ill-health which brought him there this time. On the night of June 16, 1783, he was struck by paralysis. “I was alarmed,” he wrote

Dr. Johnson at Hampstead.

to Mrs. Thrale, “and prayed God, that, however He might afflict my body, He would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.” Such was the strength of his constitution that he quickly recovered from the blow. On July 1st he wrote to her:—“This morning I took the air by a ride to Hampstead, and this afternoon I dined with the Club.” It is probable that he broke the drive by resting at his friend’s house on the top of the hill. So intimate was he with Steevens that it can scarcely be doubted that he visited him from time to time. Tradition says that he did, but tradition is so notorious a liar that no wise man puts much trust in her.

Very pleasant in those days must have been the airing that he took, for the town and its noise were soon left behind. There was no dreary wilderness of mean streets to cross before the sick man could get a breath of country air. So late as 1761 Tottenham Court was described as “a pleasant village situated between St. Giles’s and Hampstead,” while Hampstead itself lay “four miles to the north-west of London.” The town stretched but little north of Holborn. From Queen Square, where lived two of Johnson’s friends, Dr. Campbell and Dr. Burney, “the

Dr. Johnson at Hampstead.

beautiful landscape formed by the hills of Highgate and Hampstead, together with the adjacent fields, could be seen," as we are told in a book of that period. "We have a charming house here," wrote Fanny Burney in 1770. "It is situated at the upper end of the Square and has a delightful prospect of Hamstead and Hygate [*sic*]."

As Johnson turned his face towards these northern heights, he must sometimes have recalled with a sigh those days "in that small house beyond the church" at Hampstead, where he wrote his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and where he was not yet solitary, but had one with him to whom he could impart his sorrows and his joys.





Josiah House of Upton.

BY WALTER RAYMOND.

AUTHOR OF "TRYPHENA IN LOVE," "GENTLEMAN
UPCOTT'S DAUGHTER," ETC.



EARLY in the year of grace 1794, Josiah House was sitting by his fireside in company with the village constable.

Josiah was one of the best men "that ever trod shoe-leather;" and the inhabitants of Upton often described him, just as if he had been a fine variety of potato, as "a very good sort." But Upton folk were primitive. Their humblest utterances glowed with colour. Tropes sprang up quite naturally in their speech like daisies in their meadows, and the plainest assertion became adorned by a metaphor or strengthened by an illustration sometimes fetched from a considerable distance. Thus one said, "Wull, an' this I wull zay. You mid look into Josiah's ways dark as th' day mid be." And another, with a leaning

Josiah House of Upton.

towards Methodism, replied, "Ah! that's because Josiah 've a-got a lighted cannel in the heart o' un, mun."

In disposition Mr. House was domesticated as his name implies. Not that he delighted in a wife, or surrounded himself with children; for Josiah was prudent, with that sort of negative prudence which prevents a man from doing unwise things. At the age of five-and-forty he had never once returned late from market, never made a bad debt, and never married. A sort of nervous instinct forbade him, on any account, to permit a woman to reside beneath his roof; and for this reason some people considered him stingy, but others said, "Oh no. Josiah is only that wise to look bwoth zides ov a penny-piece avore he do spend un." Nevertheless, Josiah loved his home. It was his delight to sit at evening by his own hearth, to smoke a pipe or drink a cup with a friend, enjoying second-hand the news he took no pains to gather for himself. This also exhibited wisdom; for how little does your modern penny-paper mind, falsely believing novelty the soul of news, realise the rosy strength and beauty attained by the good old-fashioned article, by the time it had travelled on foot through half-a-dozen parishes?

It was Sunday, and Josiah wore his shoes with silver buckles, his red waistcoat, and long drab coat. In silent enjoyment of the rather scorching blaze of the great wood fire, he was leaning forward

Josiah House of Upton.

to gently rub the heat into his grey hose. Constable Higgins, who generally walked out to pop round and see if he "could hear of anything going on after all the volk had gone whome from church, like," satisfied with the quietude of the parish, had looked in on Mr. House. "No, zur," he was saying. "Theǟs is noo night vor tramps. Every man's ship be safe a night like theǟs. Now if a man wur to steal a ship o' you to-night, do you know what I should do, Mr. House, zur?"

Josiah only shook his head, and waited with open-mouthed wonder.

"Track un. I should track un, Mr. House, zur. Why, the snow's zix inches deep, an' like vor mmore, zur. I should track un right enough, that's what I should do, Mr. House, zur."

The wind moaned and bellowed in the open chimney, driving the smoke back in their faces.

"Hark!" said Josiah, raising his finger. "Did I hear zomethen?"

"Only the win', Mr. House, zur. Why, I went zo vur as the vour elems on the roäd to Craddock's gibbet, and the way that win' did work they trees, to be sure you'd ha' thought it a liven thing. An' their limbs did strain, an' groän, an' grunt a'mwost like talken. Thur'll be drifts on Purdy Common hedge-high, Mr. House, zur. Theǟs be zad doens over in France, zur, that John James o' Nether-Upton wur a tellen up theǟs day."

Josiah gloomily shook his head.

Josiah House of Upton.

"John James of Nether-Upton wur a zayen
that they got bodies in Paris street put up in stacks,
Mr. House, zur; an' they do haul em on zo vast
as ever——"

"Wull, but," demurred Josiah, interrupting the narrative, "whur's th' 'thorities? Ah! that mus' be my little white cat that I do hear outside, an' I 'ood'n lose thik little white cat, no, not vor dree half-crowns."

"A cat's a very useful thing whur thur's mice, zur," said the constable, as Josiah rose and walked to the window. "A wonderful useful thing."

Josiah raised the red blind, and with difficulty opened the casement in the face of the wind and drifted snow. A gust of frosty air rushed into the room, making the constable shiver.

"Puss, puss, puss, pussy," purred Josiah, in a tone of encouragement. But nothing entered but white flakes, as big, as the constable afterwards averred, as welsh-nuts.

"Now that's always th' way wi' thik trumpery cat. She's gone to vrunt-dwor. An' if I wur at vrunt-dwor she'd be at winder," grumbled Josiah, and a moment later the ancient oak door creaked on its hinges.

"Puss, puss, puss, pussy—puss, puss. Constable Higgins, Constable Higgins! Quick, quick!"

The call was evidently more professional than friendly. The constable rose with dignity and

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proceeded slowly—a cog in the immense machinery of the law set in motion.

By the door he stopped again and became stern.

"Ha! A tramp," he snorted. "Now then, what's your neäme an' parish?"

But no response came from the figure seated on the doorstep, and leaning stiff and motionless against the porch.

"She's vroze," whispered the awe-stricken Josiah.

"Then we're boun' by law to bring her in, or stand the consequence," said the constable.

As they brought the woman to the fire her eyes half-opened.

"She idden dead," said Josiah tenderly, taking her icy hand and looking into her face.

On her black hair and in each fold of her dress the snow had settled, and the constable, seeing it thaw and drip into pools upon the stone floor, began to take the melting icy masses and throw them into the hissing fire. As he touched her head she shivered, and again opened her eyes.

"What's yur neäme an' parish?" he shouted by her ear.

"*Plaît-il?*" she asked softly.

"Whur did she zay, Mr. House, zur? I never yeard o' th' pleâce."

"*Merci, Merci!*" murmured the woman beneath her breath; and Josiah, recognising in the words

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both an appeal for help and a petition to remain unmolested, sighed deeply. "Ah! That's true—very true," as if he had just received a piece of comfortable doctrine at a conventicle.

"Hem! Gipsy. I knowed that," snorted the constable.

"Why, th' poor thing is zo wet as a zop. She really did ought to have some ov her outer things a-took off. Why, theäs skirt's all ov a zoak. Now if I could but just——"

"Mr. House, zur," interrupted the constable in that solemn confidential tone acquired by constantly warning suspected offenders. "Teäke ceäre, zur——"

Josiah shyly started back, astonishing the constable. Then he slowly retired to the ingle-nook, and sat thoughtfully rubbing his knees.

"I think—I think I'd better to zend for th' widow White," he said doubtfully, feeling very much out of his depth.

"Ah! But who's to pay?" quoth the constable. "Parishes won't pay vor widder Whites wi'out reason, Mr. House, zur."

For some time Josiah remained silent, perhaps weighing and justifying the expense to himself. "It's a bitter night o' snow," said he; "enough to bring on chills an breed rheumatics in th' marrer. Widow White do goo out odd days vor a shillen. I think I ud gie ninepence if zo be as she 'ud come an'——"

"You leäve that to me, Mr. House, zur. I'll

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go straight an' put she on her peril, zo as she'll be on in a jiffy ; " and the constable started at once, glad of an opportunity to enforce his own peculiar form of rural subpœna.

The vagrant had already suffered all the pangs of death, and was drifting to the shore of benumbed forgetfulness when Josiah went in search of his little white cat. Now that reviving warmth began again to struggle and throb within her veins she moved and moaned uneasily. Left alone, Josiah summoned courage to return to her side. Again he took her hand. It was well-formed, white, and beautiful. Josiah had never touched so delicate and feminine a hand, and already floated before his brain a half-nebulous recognition of some element in life hitherto unknown to him. He gently stroked the long thin fingers with his dry, horny palm. When widow White arrived he had raised the patient's head, and was holding it from the cold floor with his arm around her neck. The widow could never have believed Josiah House possessed so much spirit or could make himself so handy.

Widow White was neither young nor old, tall nor short, pretty nor plain, but rather stout, and what the country people described as " quite comely in her caps." Her reputation stood high with the womankind of the parish, for she was an authority on many remote matters, such as curing warts by wishing, or removing the malignant influence of the evil eye. She regulated her conduct by a code of

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maxims, always having one appropriate to any new occasion.

"Ah! That's what comes ov a Saturday moon—bad weather an' bad luck," was her first reflection after surveying the situation in all its aspects. Josiah nodded assent. For years he had sowed by the moon, mowed by the almanack, and reaped in accordance with all sorts of rules and conditions—strange to say, invariably finding his expectations realised in every respect. It seemed likely, therefore, that yesterday's new moon had guided both the storm and castaway to his threshold.

The widow took immediate command. "Hot blankets," she cried, drawing at the same time from her bag a black bottle containing the celebrated cordial of herbs, which, administered under all circumstances during a long series of years, had never once been known to fail.

The constable thought he must be going. Josiah having fetched the blankets, volunteered to walk a step with him. During his absence the widow stripped the stranger, rolled her up like a mummy, and laid her on a couch ingeniously improvised from kitchen chairs.

The dripping pockets had been searched in vain; not a coin nor trinket was found upon the wanderer's person—only a thin fine handkerchief hidden upon her bosom, and now spread on an oak footstool to dry before the fire. In one corner,

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surrounded by a wreath of flowers, was embroidered the name "Gabrielle."

Josiah took it up and read, "Gabe-ril."

Then he, the widow, and the little white cat sat silently by the hearth through the long night, looking on the black lashes and pale complexion of the sleeping woman, whose breathing was so faint and gentle that it sometimes seemed to cease.

Not only on Purdy Common but on Upton road the drifted snow was more than hedge-high. Thus all tracks were obliterated, and the constable was not able to ascertain the direction from which Gabrielle arrived. Business and communication with the world being suspended, the villagers were blessed with leisure to consider the wonderful incident of the preceding night, and Josiah became the object of much solicitude and attention. Three-and-twenty women, the adult female population of Upton, called severally to enquire if they could be of any use, or to ask whether Mr. House had such a thing as a little hand-shovel which he would not mind sparing for a few minutes. Fourteen men volunteered to clear away the snow on the garden path "just to catch heat, like." In the afternoon, revelling in their love of minute detail, the cottagers told each other that widow White had sent for her things, and agreed to stay on a few days at a settled wage, and that constable Higgins had shot three blackbirds and carried them in for a relish. Being asked if he would step in and sit down, the

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constable replied that he didn't so much mind if he did.

The blinds drawn, and candles lighted, Josiah and his neighbour sat down in opposite corners of a straight-backed oak settle smoking their long clay-pipes.

Refreshed by sleep, and restored by the celebrated cordial, Gabrielle had sufficiently recovered ere morning to be carried to bed, but now the widow came bustling down with the intelligence that she insisted on getting up. "An' what good is it arguing wi' vorriners, when th' poor simple souls can't teäke in a wurd you do zay," lamented that excellent woman. And scarcely were the words out of her mouth ere the stranger was already heard groping her way down the stairs. The widow officially opened the door, "to throw a light," as she explained, and the unfortunate fugitive from the fury of the French Revolution entered the kitchen noiselessly and delicately like a sunbeam. Her head and shoulders were covered in a long red cloak borrowed of a neighbouring cottager, but even this cumbersome garment could not conceal the easy grace of her movements. For a moment she stood in the open doorway illuminated by the dancing many-coloured flames of the wood-fire, smiling her own welcome as only a French-woman can. The widow crossed her arms. The constable, now busily engaged in toasting a blackbird, turned his head and stared over his shoulder

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at the apparition. Josiah rose, and standing with his lean legs apart like a pair of compasses, experienced an astonished feeling of trembling uncertainty.

Suddenly pouring forth a torrent of unintelligible language rapid and impassioned as a linnet's song, she darted towards Josiah with the quick alacrity of a bird, and stooped and kissed each weather-beaten hand.

"Oh!" The widow tossed her head, screwing up her lips as tightly as the mouth of a bag containing comfits. The constable, forgetting the blackbird, rose instantly, smiling and bold as a candidate on the county hustings. Josiah, feeling strange misgivings in his knees, began to gently rub his knuckles where the kisses had alighted.

But, all unconscious of the effect she had produced, Gabrielle passed uninvited into the chimney-corner, shivered, drew the cloak more closely around her, and sat down.

"Eet—ees—colt," she said, pausing to ransack her memory between each word, and smiling on the widow.

"But very zeasonable vor th' time o' year. Vrost an' znow do kill th' maggot," replied the social constable.

"*Hein!*" she laughed a frank laugh of incomprehension.

"You zee, Mr. House, zur," explained the constable, "she don't purnounce her 'hems-and-'ha's like as what we do ourzelves."

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Gabrielle, dimly realising the meaning of his words, laughed again. The mere enjoyment of life, temporarily free from pain or responsibility, seemed sufficient for this native of a gayer land, and being in safety, she now forgot her troubles as easily as an animal forgets pursuit. The sober demeanour of Josiah amused her greatly. She placed her hand on his knee and shook it briskly, as if hoping to arouse him.

Then her quick eye caught sight of a violin hanging as an ornament upon the kitchen wall, and without more ado she sprang up to obtain it. "You shall pley," she cried to Josiah; and in spite of astonished gestures of refusal, she placed the fiddle beneath his chin, pushed forward his head, strained his thick red fingers upon the strings, and bent his wooden elbow with as little consideration as an artist arranging a lay figure.

Josiah had never felt so awkward. He was too shy even to disclaim the ability he did not possess. But she pressed the bow into his fingers, and worked him like one of the movable figures in a child's picture book. "*Ha ! mon pauvre p'tit. Mais vous êtes gauche,*" she suddenly cried, and snatching the instrument away tuned it quickly, and began to play herself. She played to Josiah—only to Josiah—leaning over him in an attitude of light exultation, and working the bow with a will.

A knock at the door was heard. Two knocks ! John James of Nether-Upton wanted a word with

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the constable, and a neighbour brought back the little hand-shovel. "Dree gigglin' maidens an a nog-headed bwoy," as was afterwards related in the history of that night, then entered boldly without cover of a pretext; and at last Josiah found himself the blushing host of an evening party comprising the whole parish. These guests clustered awkwardly in groups staring at the stranger with ox-like gravity.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the stranger, staring at them; and then exclaiming, "*Dansez, dansez!*" accompanied by a sinuous imitative movement of her person, the music suddenly changed into a jig.

"Dan-cee, dan-cee," repeated John James of Nether-Upton, the life and soul of any party and the wit of the neighbourhood. He was only too delighted to beat out a tailor's hornpipe with his hob-nailed boots upon the kitchen floor. One by one the visitors joined in; the "nog-headed bwoy" dragged forth a diffident maiden by main force; and finally, Josiah, yielding to a consensus of opinion, performed "upzides an down th' middle" with the widow White. Thus the time was passed in revelry not latterly known in Upton, and at midnight the parish dispersed, expressing wonderful delight with its entertainment.

But an evening's festivity will not always bear the morning's reflection, and on the following day many people began to experience misgivings and

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excuse their own folly. Those who had not attended the party expressed surprise that so staid a man as Josiah should be harbouring a foreign papist, who was perhaps a direct emissary from the scarlet woman; and the red cloak borrowed of Biddy Toogood seemed to lend colour to that suggestion. Then they all began to feel alarm at their own spontaneity, since it appeared that no one had even dreamt of going to Josiah's, much more of spending the evening, but had been "drawed on, like," and hearing the music had "sort o' gone in wi'out meänen." Some potent extraneous volition had evidently coerced the well-meaning inhabitants of Upton.

Affairs assumed a more serious character when, in the parlour of "The Bag and Bottle," it became known that Josiah had since purchased a partridge of a poacher, without higgling, for eightpence farthing; and a pedlar, whose grandfather had been a seaman, asserted that foreign witches were much stronger than home-made ones. The constable then remembered, with dismay, that he had burned the blackbird he was toasting, and a great many other things struck him as very suspicious.

The weather remained obdurate, the roads impassable, and even had she desired to do so Gabrielle could not have left the village on foot. Her gratitude to Josiah burst forth in unexpected demonstrations, or expressed itself in soft terms

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of endearment, which he could not understand. She called him "*mon enfant*," treated him like a child, and laughed at his stolid ways and speech. Never was sober man so beset with the genius of frivolity, and never did simple mind so quickly recover from surprise. In spite of the difficulties of his dialect and her broken English, she managed to convey to him the information that she had been landed at Plymouth, and was making her way to London. Sometimes, with a cry of terror, covering her face with her hands, she shuddered at the recollection of indescribable horrors; then, dismissing the past, burst into laughter and a snatch of song. So the little white cat became superseded; and the man who for so many years had lived in chilly isolation melted beneath Gabrielle's magic influence. A speechless tenderness, whether of pity or love, found place within his heart, and expressed itself in numberless attentions so quaint and trivial, that only a person familiar with his habits could have appreciated their immense importance. The parish noticed that Josiah had purchased "butcher's meat" five times in thirteen days, which, on the most liberal estimate of housekeeping, was terrible extravagance.

The question arose, "Why, what can 'em ha' done wi' it?" "They never can't eat it," argued the Widow White. In the most tolerant community there is a point at which public opinion is justified

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in interference with the individual. The parish felt that the bounds of decency had been over-stepped.

The west wind came at last laden with soft drizzling rain. The blue stones of the kitchen floor grew damp in sympathy, and large beads dripped from the sodden thatch, slowly melting the drift which for so long had half darkened the casements. Gabrielle stood peering through diamond-shaped panes upon the desolate solitude of an English village on a wet day. The humid air clothed in deeper solemnity the dark yews half-hiding the padlocked church-yard gate. The door of "The Bag and Bottle" was also shut, not to refuse admittance, but that habitual worshippers of Bacchus might sit and drink in warmth and comfort. Presently a party of boisterous villagers issued from the village inn, held a noisy consultation around the ruin of the village cross, formed in procession, and approached Josiah's house. The "nog-headed bwoy" lustily beat on a kettle, and the youth of Upton following close on his heels, with crocks and pans, produced new forms of delightful instrumentation. On all sides women popped from cottage doors, and the parish, over-flowing with approval, poured into Upton's long street.

Before Josiah's house the demonstration stopped.

Recognising in these efforts a desire to please, and charmed with such polite attentions, Gabrielle

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quickly opened the front door and tripped down the garden path, bent upon welcoming others and ingratiating herself. She had scarcely reached the small hatch which opens upon the road when a woman darted quickly towards her. Gabrielle started back with an exclamation of pain. Blood was running from the back of her hand, and down her long white fingers. To guard against the dangers of witchcraft a woman had inflicted a vicious scratch with a pin. A howl of delight greeted the success of this manœuvre, and a volley of stones and mud came flying over the wall at Gabrielle.

Now, by ill luck, Josiah having lost "a little sparked bull calf," was gone to Nether-Upton, feeling assured that John James was the likeliest man in the world to keep an eye open when anything had been "vound missen." But John James had not seen a wandering animal of that description, his attention having been entirely absorbed in another catastrophe nearer home. A flood of water, caused by the melting snow, had carried away a portion of a weir, and the brook, usurping all the road, lapped the stone steps before his door. No such flood had been experienced since the year "vorty-dree." John James, observing Josiah carefully picking his way along a narrow strip of marginal mud between a garden wall and the water, shouted to him an enthusiastic welcome. "Come on, Varmer House, then, come

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on, an' I'll show ee what you never zaw afore in all yur life." Josiah, hurrying up, entered, to find laid out upon a table the body of a recently deceased duck. A complete jury of wondering little rosy Jameses clustered round.

"'Tiz a duck," suggested Josiah, after close examination.

"A little cross-bred drake," explained John.

"Wull, what then?"

"Drownded."

In external appearance a drowned duck does not differ from a duck which dies of apoplexy, or from one for whose decease no cause can be assigned. The unfortunate bird, involved in the ruin of the weir, was unable to hold his head above water, and became a victim of misfortune through no fault of its own. Josiah gazed in astonishment. He could see how it happened, but had never before heard of a drowned duck. Not the wonderful but the unusual filled with admiration the simple minds of Nether-Upton.

But as Josiah was returning to the village thinking of the little cross-bred drake, but still in quest of the little sparked bull calf, a sound of rural music fell upon his ears. He quickened his pace from curiosity, not being aware of any neighbour whose moral conduct merited public notice. The excitement growing louder, Josiah hurried faster, and finally turned the corner in a sort of toddling run, at the moment when the

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demonstration reached its wildest pitch. Then he stood aghast. Neither in justice did he deserve, nor in position was he qualified, to be treated with that form of derision properly reserved for married delinquents. A flood of fury overwhelmed his self-control. Rushing into the midst of the crowd, he cuffed the "nog-headed bwoy," clouted the man with the kettle, and knocked down a modest bystander who had taken no part in the proceedings. Such behaviour was quite incomprehensible, and Upton (but especially the mother of the "nog-headed bwoy"), now considered Josiah's years of deceit "beyon' the mind o' man's believen."

The indignity offered the house in which his fathers had dwelt before him wounded Josiah's pride, and aroused his dormant yeoman spirit. He entered his home a changed being, at odds with all mankind.

There he found Gabrielle seated on the little oak stool by the hearth, nursing her wound with the woeful solicitude of a child who has cut its finger. Even the inferiority of foreign blood, insufficiently nourished with beef, and therefore deficient in fortitude—a fact so well understood in Upton—could not prevent the pity and affection which he felt towards her. Gazing at her there, in the opposite chimney corner, his indignation against the parish grew until he actually conceived the brilliant idea of marrying Gabrielle.

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But his passion only begot deeper meditating, like a poem in the heart of a man who has no words. In this predicament, he fetched from a drawer of the kitchen dresser a small gallipot of healing balsam, and taking Gabrielle's hand began to apply it with a gentle rubbing movement of two stiff fingers, but sitting as far away from her as possible. The winter darkness had set in early, and Josiah had forgotten to draw down the blind. The bright firelight illuminated the room, making every movement and detail as clear as noon-day, but from the inside they could not see the group of observant faces closely pressed against the panes.

Some time passed, but Josiah made no progress in the formulation of his love.

“*Hé!*” cried Gabrielle, suddenly bursting into laughter, “*il ne fera point d'hérésie.*”

As if in answer to the incantation, a succession of hoarse shrieks was heard in the chimney, then a wild flapping of wings; and soot and smoke descended in their faces, as hissing, gabbling, half-falling and half-flying, a huge bird as black as a sweep, avoiding the fire, came rushing into Gabrielle's lap. By the red beak and legs Josiah recognized his own gander, but the frightened woman ran screaming towards the door. Josiah hurried out. Not a soul was moving in the village—not even the constable. Only a ladder leaning against the roof indicated the route by which the gander had travelled.

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Josiah prowled round his garden, poked amongst a holly bush with a ground-ash stick, but could find no one hiding there.

On his return Gabrielle also was gone.

"Gabe-ril, Gabe-ril!" he called loudly, both in the kitchen and at the stairs, but answer there was none.

She went, as she had come, through the dark night, but whence or whither Josiah was never to know.





Keats in Hampstead.

BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

KHERE is some difficulty in fixing the residences of Keats at Hampstead, but thanks to the researches of Mr. Buxton Forman and others, the main facts are now tolerably clear. There are differences in the authorities, but I believe that the following particulars will be found trustworthy.

The first visits of Keats to Hampstead were occasioned by his acquaintance with Leigh Hunt. Hunt moved from the Edgware Road to a cottage in the Vale of Health. This house is no longer standing. Mr. Thorne thinks that it was built on the site of the Vale of Health Hotel. In Mr. Baines's "Records of Hampstead" it is said that South Villa now occupies the site of Hunt's cottage. Hunt's father was a clergyman, who towards the close of last century had a house in Hampstead Square.

1



2



3



1—SPANIARDS INN. 2—WELL WALK. 3—THE OLD "UPPER FLASK."

Keats in Hampstead.

The introduction of Keats to Hunt seems to have taken place early in the spring of 1816, and lasted a year or two. In the summer of 1816 a bed was made up for Keats in Hunt's library, and he seems to have occupied it frequently. One of his sonnets beginning, "Keen, fitful gusts are whispering here and there," describes his musings as he walked home from his friend's house one winter.

Leigh Hunt had an enthusiasm for Hampstead, expressed in many of his poems.

"And yet how can I touch and not linger awhile
On the spot that has haunted my youth like a smile?
On its fine breathing prospects, its clump-wooded glades,
Dark pines and white houses and long-alleyed shades,
With fields going down where the bard lies and sees
The hills up above him with roofs in the trees."

This affection for the place was shared by Keats, who in 1817 came with his two brothers to lodge at Well Walk, next door to the Wells Tavern. The house was occupied by a postman, Benjamin Bentley, whose wife "did for the young gents." In these rooms Keats worked hard at "*Endymion*," and during his residence there appeared the notorious attacks on his poetry in *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly Review*. Both were "felon strokes;" but the poet was suffering from a more serious calamity. His brother Tom was dying. The end came in the first week of

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November, 1817, and Keats wrote, "There is an awful warmth about my heart, like a load of immortality."

The lodgings naturally became uncongenial ; and happily there was an easy escape from them. Charles (Armitage) Brown and Charles Wentworth Dilke, both friends of Keats, lived in two semi-detached houses forming one block at the bottom of what is now called John Street. Dilke afterwards became editor and chief proprietor of the *Athenæum*, and did much work as a critic. Brown, after an adventurous life, in the course of which he was intimately associated with Landor and Trelawney, died in New Zealand (1842). To Brown's house Keats went when his brother died. Brown said, "Have nothing more to do with those lodgings—and alone too ! Had you not better live with me ?" Brown goes on, "He paused, pressed my hand warmly, and replied, 'I think it would be better.' From that moment he was my inmate."

Keats occupied the front sitting-room, and set to work on "Hyperion." He met Miss Fanny Brawne at the Dilkes'. She was then living in Devonshire Street, but previously had occupied with her mother Brown's house, during one summer he was away in Scotland. Keat's sudden and violent passion for Miss Brawne is well known. In 1819, the Dilkes left Hampstead and went to live at Westminster. The Brawnes took their house (Mr. Colvin seems to be wrong in saying

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again took their house, for it was in Brown's house they had lived previously)—so that the lovers were next door neighbours. Keats did much work here—writing all except one of his six famous odes. After absences in Winchester, the Isle of Wight, and elsewhere, he returned to Brown's house in October, 1819, and then began the last melancholy chapter of his life.

Consumption declared itself, and eventually the Brawnes took him into their own house and nursed him some weeks. Haydon pictures him lying there “in a white bed, with white quilt and white sheets; the only colour visible was the hectic flush of his cheeks.” He left them for his journey to Italy.

The two houses of Browne and Dilke constituting Wentworth Place were afterwards occupied by Miss Chester, an actress of some position, who converted them into one, and called the tenement Lawn Bank, a name it retains. It will be remembered that Keats and the Brawnes occupied successively both parts of it.





A Picture of Silver.

BY GRACE RHYS.

CHE afternoon was slowly closing in. The August sun had been hid for two days past behind the grey curtains of cloud, and the chilled earth was drenched with rain that still fell in a heavy mist.

The road to Drumna lay through a desert of bog. On one side of the road showed black ugly pools of standing water where the bog had been squarely cut away. Fencing these were brown melancholy promontories studded with small piles of cut sod; a dreary record of scanty human labour. On the other side, sweeping away to the bounding line where grey cloud and mist met in one, stretched the uncut bog, showing the same inhospitable face that it had done for thousands of years back.

A poor clothing of scanty ragged heather redeemed it from utter nakedness; here and there grew low coarse clumps of fern, and nearer the

A Picture of Silver.

road a yellow bunch or two of rag-weed hung its cheap gold in the heavy rain.

Not a sound was to be heard but the occasional shrill call of a flight of plover, or very rarely the long drawn note of a yellowhammer that dipped and flew by the roadside.

As the road led further towards Drumna, the bog seemed to stretch wider and wider, and its ragged dress to grow coarser and scantier. The solitary traveller on that untrodden road might well have thought himself about to penetrate into some antique and unvisited region, where even the very air held a pure and forgotten odour of its own.

As the late afternoon wore on, some faint tokens of an approaching human presence might have been discerned. Far down by the road a flight of plover rose with a scream, and through the grey veil of mist and rain, a soft spot of colour shone indistinctly like some faded lamp. By and by a dismal shape of grey, crowned with a faint golden radiance, might have been seen moving through the transparent curtains of the falling rain.

It was plainly a woman, much taller than common and of larger make; she was walking with a swift free step, and that peculiar undulating movement, born of beauty of form, the open air life, and the unshod foot.

The ray of colour that had so lighted up this solitary presence came from her marvellous hair, which was of burnished and blazing gold, hanging

A Picture of Silver.

half way between her shoulders, caught up and rolled round, caught up again and piled on her head, in a waving wanton abundance. The falling rain seemed not in any way to take from its brilliance, but to hang upon it in prismatic points. No halo on the dreamed-of head of a saint of Paradise could ever have shone more splendid.

Below the streaming gold, her garments were but miserable tiers of rags. So old were they, that they had taken on them that undistinguished greyish drab, when the original colour and texture of the material vanish into one uniformity of misery.

As she passed by, there was a short glimpse of two dark mournful eyes, a worn but still glowing face, and the curve of a shining neck and the lift of a shoulder rising wet from those dripping rags.

Her look of suffering yet majestic remoteness rendered her a still more strange inhabitant of so forsaken a waste.

She went swiftly along the road to Drumna. As she went the faint wind that had blown its way over the Atlantic went by her, drifting the slanting rainfall into idle shapes of misty grey. Rank after rank of soft cloud rolled up overhead. Such were her only travelling companions as she trod the dull road; a solitary figure, her splendid head bare to the rain, her two white feet moving nobly in the dirt of the road.

Slowly the grey veils of twilight and of misty

A Picture of Silver.

rain closed behind her vanishing presence, and the last glimpse of its crowning gold was swallowed up in the gloom that withdrawing day suffered to settle down on this ancient wilderness.





The Falling Leaf.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.



SEE it from my study window as I write. Softly, with a scarcely perceptible sigh, they flutter downwards one by one, to lie for a day mayhap—affording a momentary joy to the children as they pelt one another with them; then the gardener will come with his brush and basket, and make the walk once more trig, and neat, and bare. For some few days this will go on, until the boughs are all stripped, and the grateful shade I have loved is removed from my window: then what is left? The graceful network of stem and branch, and beyond that my neighbour's garden, and a painful row of brand-new villas from which the falling leaf has so long afforded me a tender screen. It is as if the veil were suddenly rent: as if my privacy were gone; and yet I

The Falling Leaf.

know there will come many dark days when I shall be miserly over the light, and when I shall think more mercifully than I do now of the mysterious provision Nature makes for every season of the year.

Although these shortening days have their sad aspect, they are full of a singular and tender charm which it is impossible to describe. The flame of the creeper on the walls of the old houses in the Hampstead lanes is a thing to marvel at : it gleams blood-red in the sun. The wild flowers are gone, the glow of the autumn and winter berry takes their place—the brackens gleam brown and yellow in the hollows ; there is a wealth of colour everywhere which forbids us to be sad. There is also a sense of fulness and calm which seems to speak of work well done, of harvest safely garnered, of full barn and plenteous store. The bare fields have yielded their abundance, and now await the upturning by the patient team, so that they may be made ready for another sowing. Sowing and reaping evermore ; and always in hope, there should not be sadness in the thought; and yet something of the pensive melancholy inseparable from the fading year, lies unconsciously upon the heart, causing it to dwell with some insistence on the deeper things of life. Some searching self-examination is natural, nay almost imperative, as we pause here—where the year is growing old. What harvest of kindly deed, of pure and quiet thought, of nobler attain-

The Falling Leaf.

ment have we garnered, and so made ours for evermore? There are some to whom the habit of introspection is hateful, and indeed it can very easily become a morbid thing. Yet I see wherein this indwelling for a space with one's inmost self may well become a cleansing and a strengthening experience. If only we are honest with ourselves, and candid, as honest, and as candid, as we are in judgment of our neighbour across the way. Again there are some who think that none of these things greatly matter, so long as life can be made full and satisfying to them from a purely selfish point of view. That it is a narrowing view, limiting the horizon on every side is inevitable. The man who lives for himself sees nothing beyond; and the great vistas which give spaciousness and joy to life are not unrolled before him. But he is content, because he is ignorant of his own deprivation. The duty we owe to others, to help them to realise the fulness of life, need never become a burden to us. The greatness of things is very often found in their simplicity. We are not called to gigantic effort, but simply to an exercise and development of the kindly gifts Nature has bestowed upon us. If she has been lavish in her gifts, then it is easier for us; but if sparing then is our striving so much the nobler. To see that no shadow falls when we pass, that no harsh word of ours shall awaken pain or shame or resentment, that we do not exact where we do not give, in a word—

The Falling Leaf.

that we do as we would be done by—seems it so impossible a task?

The leaf which now lies unheeded on the path has fulfilled its end. All the summer through it gave cheerfully its mite, making shelter for the little birds not yet frightened from the haunts of men; offering a grateful shade many a sunny morning to one who gave thanks in her heart, and then to fall! There is a sadness in the thought, and yet to fulfil the very purpose of existence, to do simply and unostentatiously the duty lying nearest, and to be content. Which of us, looking at life through serious eyes, dare ask for more? This, I take it, is the lesson of the falling leaf.





Carol.

BY A. C. JEWITT.

O harps of gold ! O voices of the air !
O light of God, that gleamed with radiant glow
Upon the rugged hillside, bleak and bare,
Where shepherds watched their flocks long, long
ago !

* * * *

Where shepherds watched their flocks long, long
ago,
God's lamps looked down upon them as they lay,
And, like His spirit, speaking soft and low,
The wandering wind went whispering on its way.

The wandering wind went whispering on its way,
Then all around them broke a wondrous sight,
And brighter than the dawning of the day,
The glory of the Lord lit up the night.



WINTER—HAMPSTEAD (*from a Window*).

Carol.

The glory of the Lord lit up the night,
And angel forms, far fairer than the morn,
Clad in white raiment, and enrobed in light,
Sang sweetly of a shepherd newly born.

Sang sweetly of a shepherd newly born,
And ever still the burden of the song
Was peace—O word of welcome to the worn—
That peace, for which the world had waited long.

That peace for which the world had waited long,
That peace so slow to come, so long foretold ;
For still, while right lies crushed beneath the wrong,
We watch and wait, as in the days of old.

We watch and wait, as in the days of old,
To pierce the gloom our weary sight we strain,
Shine, light that lit the shepherds by the fold !
Light of the world, shine on the earth again !

Light of the world, shine on the earth again !
We long, Lord Christ, to see Thy face so fair.
Repeat, repeat for us the sweet refrain,
O harps of gold ! O voices of the air !





On the Great North Road.

BY ARTHUR WAUGH.

AHATEVER the wheel may, or may not, have done towards raising the death-rate, it is at least certain that it has added a hundredfold to the interests and sympathies of the average man and woman by revealing to them the long-neglected charms of our English high-roads. Since the cold, grey railways were driven through our blowing meadows—since everyone learnt to live at a pace undreamt of in the happier philosophy of our grandfathers—how have we not forgotten the delights of the open road? Ten years ago, and the common pedestrian, lacking the sinews of a Sandow and the leisure of the unemployed, was forced to content himself on a holiday afternoon with that pestilent and objectless invention of the forties—the “constitutional,” a vague wandering

On the Great North Road.

through suburban back streets, an odyssey of the gaslight and the laundry cart. The old coaching-taverns grew musty; Sibylla's name faded on the creaking sign; and from John o' Groat's to Land's End the life of the country road seemed slipping into decrepitude. Then came the wheel; and, where it passed, all was change. The City clerk no longer lounged from bar to bar in hot, huddled by-streets: you met him a-field and a-wheel, his circle widening with his mastery of the machine—from Hendon to Stanmore, from Putney to Ripley. Once more men began to know something of their own country, of the fresh scent of its leaves, the ineffable fascination of its grey ruins, the glory and inspiration of its spreading meadowland. It taught them the secrets of the land their fathers had fought to hold: it reminded them that they had a goodly heritage, a lot cast in pleasant places.

East, West, South, North, they ride to-day, and where shall they ride through more historic country than over our own Northern heights? For the true knight-errant of the road every highway has its own charm, its own story; but for me the Great North Road has a perpetual and dominant attraction. I can hear the North a-calling, as a certain poet heard the East; and over that broken surface, dimpled with obtrusive stones as it is, that leads through Highgate, I make constant pilgrimage, and always with the discovery of new and memorable delights. After all, those who have known and

On the Great North Road.

loved this Hampstead of ours are seldom fickle to her. She has a face of infinite changes, and every change is a smile. You emerge slowly from Platt's Lane upon the Heath. How startlingly, with what a brilliant effect of the unexpected does the shady lane open and display those broad and sandy spaces, where the wind seems always sweeping across from Harrow, blithe and healthful, even on the sultriest day. Pause by the flagstaff and look around you.

"Is not each haunt a place of memories?"

Dr. Johnson, bluff and argumentative, passes once more in discussion with the sleek and deferent Boswell. Shelley, buffeting the snowstorm, carries his fainting burden down the crumbling hillside; beyond by the avenue of lindens Keats and Leigh Hunt take a sorrowful farewell. Is not that Dickens who joins Forster on the steps of Jack Straw's Castle? Anon, moving slowly from the Spaniards, comes Mrs. Barbauld, sweetest singer of the peace of death. The hillside is full of voices; our feet are upon historic ground. Small wonder that so many of the great ones of the world of thought have followed the beckoning of that bright blue spire, and rested on the Northern heights.

On again to Highgate, and again to dream. The old toll-gate is down, but the Gate House

On the Great North Road.

still gives its name to the hostelry. Here it was that travellers by coach were stopped to swear the oath of the drovers of Smithfield Market. Those nomads ruled the road four hundred years ago ; and, to assert their rights, maintained the uncouth and burlesque custom of a landlord's court, wherein every passer was sworn upon the horns of an ox, with strange oaths and ceremonies. Down the hill is the site of Whittington's stone, still marked and railed about, though the monument is modern ; and beyond Highgate, as we take the Great North Road itself, is Turpin's withered oak. Even now it can scarcely be passed without a shudder of commemorative apprehension. The shadow of Black Bess hovers in the twilight beneath its naked branches. But now we are off, and well on our way to Barnet. "Tally-ho Corner" has a fine and sportive ring about it, but I fear the name means little. We touch tradition anew at Whetstone. The broad, white road, fringed with low cottage-homes, has an old-world atmosphere ; and, whether or no the story be true that the place owes its name to the fact that the soldiers sharpened their swords here before they marched on to Barnet field, it is enough that the legend is too picturesque and the tradition too long-standing to be dismissed unheard. At Barnet, despite smug villas and a modern people's park, the air is all of the past. No rider should pass the Green without a sight of the stocks ; and, if he be wise, he will turn aside to look at Hadley

On the Great North Road.

Church, with the last, or nearly the last of the beacons. Further on, towards the woods, is Latimer's Elm, where that ill-fated reformer is said to have preached. Then, at the corner, we are in the heart of the battle-field. The Highstone, rudely sculptured with its inscription, tells of the Kingmaker's fall, and the fields round about may well be full of skulls as Hamlet's churchyard, for did not ten thousand men fall that day? Turning at the corner, we make for St. Alban's—the most historic spot in all our storied countryside. Indeed, I envy the rider his first sight of the square Norman Tower of the Abbey, which shows itself from a sandy hill-top about four miles this side of the town. The road dips at once, and, when next we see the Tower, we are close upon it; but that glimpse of it from the distance is an easy encouragement over a space of less attractive and rather severe highway. They call Ripley the Mecca of cyclists, but for those who live in the north, surely no place can rival St. Alban's. By the side of the river Ver you still see, quite distinctly, the outward walls of the old Roman city of Verulam, the second of British *municipia*. And when you bethink you of Boadicea's battle here, and of the black and winding procession that came out to the waterside to see St. Alban martyred, you feel that you stand by the cradle of the British race. Very still and glassy are the waters of the Ver to-day, but they have run red

On the Great North Road.

with blood, not once, nor twice, and, if the stones could cry out, what stories could they tell. In the heart of the market-place rises the old curfew tower, its base a saddler's shop, with dark, wandering steps, now full of bridles and bits. The story is told you as you stand there. Two women were lost in the woods where St. Alban's now stretches, and from this spot saw the light which led them home. They built the tower in gratitude, and it dates from the first years of the fifteenth century. The Abbey is a feast of surprises. It is divided into three, and Norman and Gothic architecture face one another across its aisles. The shrine of St. Alban, broken, and with all but one of its pillars lost, is still preserved in the chancel; the steps to the rood screen stand beside it, and there is a grand old hour glass by the pulpit. There are other churches in the town and each has interest. St. Stephen's was rebuilt by Robert de Graham in the days of Henry Beauclerc, and in St. Michael's lies all that was mortal of Francis Bacon. But you cannot leave the town without a visit to the Old Round House, reputed to be the oldest inhabited dwelling in England. And indeed it realises the description. It stands by the river, and was built in the eighth century as a fishing lodge for the monks. Octagonal in form, and well timbered with oak as hard as iron, it looks good for another eleven hundred years to come. Throughout its chequered history, though it has been fortified and attacked,

On the Great North Road.

it has never lacked a tenant, and, if in the age of patch and furbelow it enjoyed an equivocal reputation as a centre for the brutal sport of cock-fighting, it has to-day returned to its rest, and peace smiles upon its battered bulwarks.

Here, then, is my favourite road, and who shall exhaust its traditions? The tale of every century seems written on the stones of it; the winds that blow across its heights are musical with legends. This bare and clumsy record of one hundredth part of its charms depresses me, as I turn over the pages. I seem to have sullied the way with inadequate appreciation, to have wronged where I came to celebrate. But the spirits of the hillside know that I have listened to them with no irreverent eagerness. They know, too, what they have taught me; and, however much I may forget, there will still be more that I shall remember. For the privilege of that memory I render thanks to my favourite road.





Two Sketches.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

I.—GENEVA: EVENING.



HE Vaseys and James Lister were sitting at dinner-time at the Hôtel de la Paix, at Geneva—which is the last and perhaps the wisest resting place of the traveller in Switzerland.

It was a noble and serene September evening: one of those days on which the beautiful season that has been so firm a friend, prepares, as it were, to worthily take leave—endows us with some latest and unforgettable boon—utters its benediction, sustained and solemn, from every space of golden Earth and luminous sky.

The dining-room, it is true, was noisy with the clattering service of waiters and the talk of confused tongues; but that place, rich and civilised enough,

Two Sketches.

and full of material ease, was, after all, but the frame of the picture. From its cool shadows one coked out, by the widely-thrown windows, on the sheen of the Lake water; on the poplars, gently stirring; on the pale, white, long-stretched town, backed by the base of the mountains; and so, upwards and on, until in some far, lofty, unattainable world—which yet, in the thin atmosphere and noble weather, had no air of remoteness—the summit of Mont Blanc itself was rosy silver, fronting the sunset. When a great seer declared that there were certain states of the atmosphere—certain mornings and evenings—"addressed to the soul," he was remembering just such an untroubled and radiant hour.

II.—THE ORGAN : FRIBOURG.

AT THE Cathedral door—at the small door, cut out of all the heavy wood-work of the great western gate—stands now, lantern in hand, a woman waiting with concentrated soul for the visitor's franc. Her life's one business!

Dark, comparatively, in the open air, this September evening, it is darkness itself in the Cathedral; but gradually the eye becomes accustomed to the dim forms of massive columns,

Two Sketches.

cumbrous heavily-wrought stalls; and nearer is the empty crowd of straw-seated chairs; and further, before the high altar and the altar of the Virgin's Chapel, a deep red spot of light glows steadily in the thick lamp from which no illumination is diffused. Higher, in the partly curtained organ-loft, a pair of candles define to view some angles of the instrument, some stops, and an open music-book over the key-board.

That little space, of vividly-lit organ, swims, so it seems, in a gulf of darkness; or--if one may change the simile—is swung midway between dim Earth and impenetrable Heaven. Silence: a dead silence. Then, the pumping at the bellows; Herr Vogt's black figure has taken its proper place; and the clear notes of the fugue's first bars ring out Bach's wonderful music.



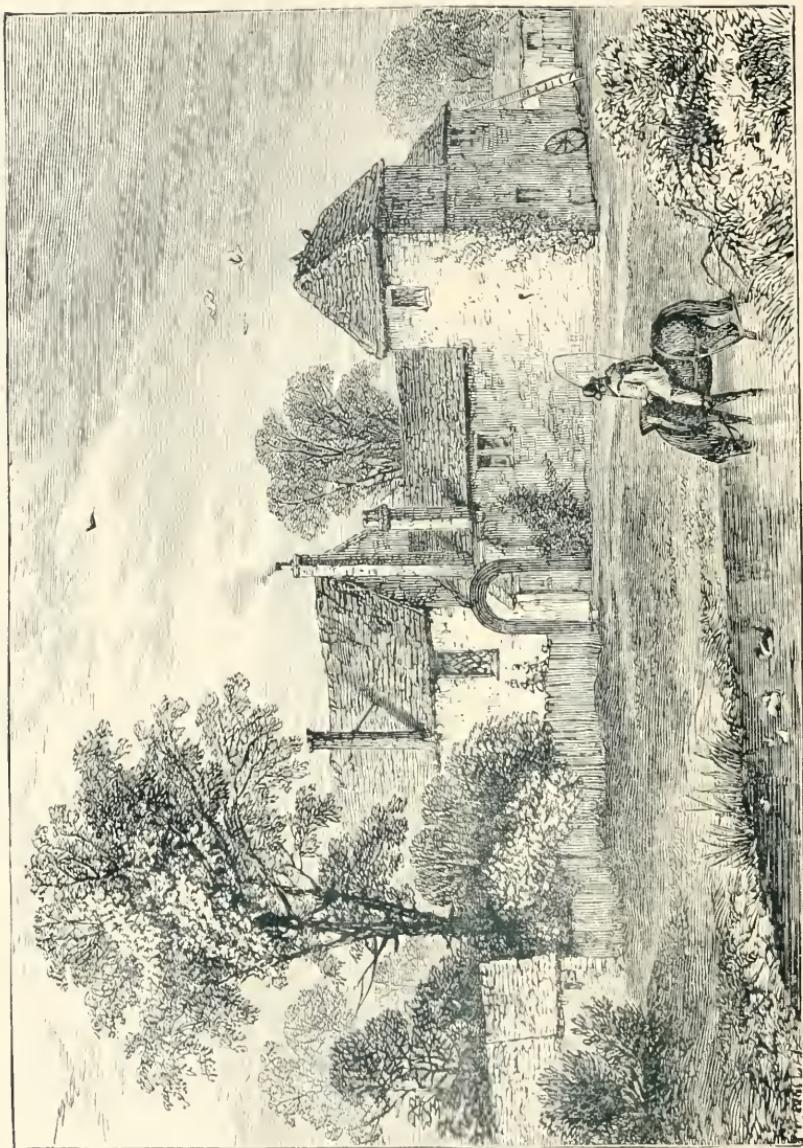


Some Unpublished Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

BY CONSTANCE HILL.

TN a letter from Maria Edgeworth, dated from Hampstead in the autumn of 1818, she writes:—"We had a delightful drive here from Epping. Joanna Baillie and her sister, most kind, cordial, and warm-hearted, came running down their little flagged walk to welcome us."

It is pleasant to be able to picture that meeting just as it took place. The scene is still unchanged. Bolton House, with its red brick walls and white window frames, its open front court and "flagged walk," are just as they were when Miss Edgeworth first saw them nearly eighty years ago. We fancy we see the outstretched hands and hear the words of welcome as the kindly Miss Baillies, in their sober attire, hasten to greet their guest. That guest's form, so small and sprightly, is familiar



Old Chalk Farm.

Some Unpublished Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

to us through Sir Walter Scott's description. "In external appearance," he writes, "she is quite the fairy of our nursery tale, the Whippity Stourie who came flying through the window to work all sorts of marvels."

This bright personality has been revealed to many readers of the present day by the delightful letters lately given to the public under the editorship of Mr. Hare. I am now glad to add to the store a few more written by Maria Edgeworth to my mother.

The correspondence began in the year 1833, when my mother (then Miss Martha Cowper) was engaged, with some friends, in bringing out a work for children, entitled the "Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction." My mother sent the first numbers to Miss Edgeworth and accompanied the gift by a letter expressing her gratitude for all the pleasure and instruction which she, herself, had derived from "Early Lessons" and the "Parents' Assistant."

Miss Edgeworth responds (Edgeworth's Town, June 28th, 1833), "I have been very much gratified by your most obliging and kind letter, and though I am sensible that I do not deserve nearly so much [praise] as your benevolence and enthusiastic feelings bestow upon me and my works, yet I find it all so sweet and delightful that I swallow it all at a draught, drinking 'To your health and happiness and success, dear lady, in the same line

Some Unpublished Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

or whatever other, newer and better, you may strike out for yourself.'" Miss Edgeworth tells of her reading the stories of the "Parents' Cabinet" to her little nephews and nieces, and describes their vivid interest in them. Her remarks upon juvenile literature, which the subject calls forth, are valuable. "There is so much variety in the book," she writes, "that it cannot tire. It alternately excites and relieves attention, and does not lead to the bad habit of frittering away the mind and requiring no exertion from the reader—the fault of most of the previous namby-pamby performances. Those who have teeth and digestive organs must use them and not be fed only with pap. The moral too is sound, neither descending to the maudlin sentiment of some juvenile books, nor screwing conscience up as others would beyond the sticking place." Some months later Miss Edgeworth sent my mother a list of errata, chiefly printer's errors, which she had carefully noted. She writes, "These corrections are scarcely any of them more than verbal and probably may appear hypercritical," but, "I think you will agree with me that it is of consequence to teach young people to speak their native language well, and therefore great attention should be paid to the style as well as the matter of the first books they read, especially those which they are likely first to read with delight."

It was in this year (1834) that "Helen" was published. My mother warmly admired the story

Some Unpublished Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

as a story, but she ventured to express a regret to the author that in this case she had restricted herself to the delineation of scenes of aristocratic life. She feared it might be her intention to write henceforth of that class only. Miss Edgeworth replies :

“ Thank you for all the good you so kindly say of her (‘ Helen ’) and for perceiving in the most favourable light all that is good in the book. But let me assure you that I am not become in the least more aristocratic or more disposed to confine my views to the aristocracy than I was when I wrote ‘ Popular Tales,’ etc. It only happened that for the purpose I had in view in ‘ Helen,’ I thought I could effect it best by placing the scene and tracing the characters from the higher ranks.

“ The fault of want of truth attacked in the higher ranks and in such characters as I have endeavoured to represent will, I trust, strike more than if I had shewn it in the middle or inferior ranks. Exactly because fashion influences. I hope you see that I have avoided all that pernicious, hackneyed style of London life, drawing which tends rather to excite country readers to imitate than avoid the exclusive or Almack nonsense, and to try to get into those foolish and often most foolishly and falsely represented scenes.

“ I had no intention of drawing London life, high or low, in ‘ Helen,’ only to shew the effect

Some Unpublished Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

of living in it on a man of talent such as Churchill, and on young ladies in the higher ranks.

"I have had opportunities of living in intimacy with several families of the highest rank in England, and therefore felt that I might securely venture on drawing their domestic manners and habits of life—more difficult and dangerous to a writer to attempt than any of the pictures of London life, which deal in generalities and admit of exaggeration for effect. I own I was ambitious to draw what I thought I knew, and I have been gratified by the assurance of many who live in that sphere that I have not over or under drawn. But again I must beg you, dear Madam, to believe that I do not mean to confine my views to Lady Davenants or Lady Cecilias or Lady Anybodys. You will hereafter see that I do not, and I hope you will consider what I have now written of explanation as a proof of my real esteem for your good opinion and not as an author's susceptibility, turning upon you at the slightest touch of blame.

"I wish that anything might chance to bring you to Ireland, and that you would let me and my family have the pleasure of seeing you at Edgeworth's Town. I flatter myself you would be convinced of my sincerity and of my being free from all fine-ladyism or love of the fine world which I know too well to love. But, at the same time, I know that there are many in the higher ranks of life that are most deserving of the love



CORNER OF PILGRIM'S LANE, 1897.

Some Unpublished Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

and esteem which I bear them, and it would in me be yielding to democratic prejudice or meanness and civil cowardice to deny the fact."

In one of the volumes of the "Parents' Cabinet" there was an article by my uncle, Professor Cowper, upon telegraphing by signals. Miss Edgeworth writes to my mother, "The Telegraph is an excellent chapter. . . . This subject happens to be peculiarly interesting to me. Perhaps you do not know that my father was the first person after Hook (1684) who tried experiments upon the subject. Long before the invention of the French Telegraph he tried experiments in conveying intelligence by windmill sails (in the year 1767). In 1795, he conveyed several messages from Ireland to England with his then completed Telegraph. . . . If you can introduce his name and do justice to his priority of invention and mention his prophesy 'that the invention of telegraphs must in time be generally adopted,' you would, my dear Madam, give me great satisfaction. Nothing you could do for myself could give me so much pleasure."

Ten years after the above letter was written, Miss Edgeworth visited my uncle, Professor Cowper, at King's College. My mother was then married to my father, Mr. Frederic Hill, and was living in Scotland. Professor Cowper gives a lively description of this visit in a letter to his sister, dated May 3rd, 1844. After describing

Some Unpublished Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

Miss Edgeworth's vivid interest in his various mechanical models and her bright playful talk, he goes on to say: "I shewed her also the model which I had made of her father's Telegraph, and then she became thoughtful and seemed to call up old recollections. 'Yes, that is it, that was what he used, and I thank you for mentioning it in your public lectures.'"

"I said, 'It will always be in this room, so that every student who comes here will know it to be your father's.'"

"Yesterday week, at the Royal Institution, I found the 'Life' of her father left there for me with her own writing within the cover, 'For Mr. Cowper from Maria Edgeworth, with a grateful sense of his notice of her father's Telegraph and thanks for his kindness to herself.'"^{*}

My father and mother requested Miss Edgeworth's permission to name their second child after her. The following letter, which contains a reply to their request, was the last which my mother received from her. In explanation of the concluding sentence, I will mention that my mother had sent Miss Edgeworth a copy of one of my father's Reports on the Prisons of Scotland. Miss Edgeworth writes from Trim, where she was slowly recovering from a severe illness.

* Extract from a letter which appeared in the "Life of Frederic Hill," published by Richard Bentley & Son.

Some Unpublished Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

" My dear Mrs. Hill,

" Your letter came to Edgeworth's Town at a time when I was so ill that I could not read it, and my dear nurse, Mrs. Edgeworth, did not give it to me till this day. I am now recovering, thanks to the very great, tender, watchful, and incessant care of my family, and to the skill of a country physician of this place, whose name I cannot forbear mentioning to you—Dr. Clifford.

" I am still forbidden to write—my physician would restrict me to my signature—but I was determined *mio pericolo* and *mio piacere* to write this to you with my own hand, to thank you for your most gratifying, polite, and really affectionate note, and to say how willingly I comply with your request and Mr. Hill's, and join the name of Edgeworth with yours. Let me know when and where the christening is to be. I will write no more than the needful, that you may not reproach yourself as the cause of my disobeying orders.

" My brothers Pakenham and Francis Beaufort are both much interested in prison discipline, and when I get out of the prison house of sickness I am sure so shall I be.

" Meanwhile I am

" Sincerely and affectionately,

" Dear Mrs. Hill, yours,

" MARIA EDGEWORTH."



To Effie.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

Come hither, sweet, uplift thy fair fond face,
 Gemmed by twin stars that shame the azure sky.
Once more the spell of thy unconscious grace
 Weave round my heart : so foolish fond am I.

Oh, I could fold thee in my sheltering arms,
 And cradle thee upon my yearning breast.
So should no sorrow touch thee, nor alarms
 Disturb my bird within her quiet nest.

And yet I would not : on the restless sea
 That stretches far and wide, which men call life,
I know not what thy voyaging may be,
 But this I know : to all there cometh strife.

But there is joy in striving. Happy he
 To whom such joy is given. Dear the rest
At eventide. And so, my sweet, for thee
 I nothing ask. God knoweth best.



On Robert Browning's Poems.

BY REV. J. KIRKMAN.

AN ESSAY was once a modest word for learned literary men. It has known growth into a terrific and ponderous sign. It has changed, like Proteus, till it has become a short-lived blossom, with more rays than seeds, like the small sunflowers. This last is the end of present ambition. And yet a Hampstead essayist might claim more than this. Hampstead was earlier than most places in the *discovery* of Browning's genius: when even Edinburgh intelligence could rank his poems no higher than "rhapsodical effusions." More than thirty years ago the present writer gave lectures on Browning to appreciative audiences, which received precious commendation from the poet himself, through

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Lady Knightly. N.B. His letter to this effect is not to be sold! Now, even a critic need not be ashamed of his opinions, if they are woven out of knowledge, judgment, and conscience. And, although associated from the first with the "Browning Society," and retaining still the profoundest affection, reverence, and gratitude for this wondrous genius, at present "after the way which they call heresy," I invite attention to some interesting phenomena. Browning, like Venus in the heavens, has had his *phases*. For long almost unacknowledged: then *discovered* by a few of us with intellectual sympathies enough for the high purpose; then absurdly idolised and ignorantly worshipped, and sought and sifted like Klondyke by those who seized gold-dust and nuggets alike: then, by process of time, which "puffing at all winnows the light away," settled into the present condition. Small space here for an adequate "Paper on Browning!" Long time requisite for a just permanent estimate! Compare these mysteries of Time and Space on this concrete scale. The compositions of Browning are vast and various. The compositions on those compositions are a legion. My pile of these books, laid flat, rises to some feet. The greatest honour done to him, always excepting Furnivall and Co., is the lovely perfection of the Clarendon Press editions. Poor Cowley cried, "What shall I do to be for ever known, And make the age to come my own?"

On Robert Browning's Poems.

Answer is : Tauchnitz! Avaunt! and deserve the luxurious perfection of the Oxford Press on thin paper after you are dead! As this is a popular approach to the class aimed at, and not to the eclectic devotees whose funerals will be on the slope below the "Grammarians," it may give relief and encouragement to be assured, *pro hac vice*, that a vast proportion of Browning's later work is already deceased by euthanasia, except for the aforesaid. However valuable, as psychological studies, truly Herculean (for Hercules in "Balaustion's Adventure," as Wordsworth in "Laodamia," was a psychologist of the borderland), however invigorating as a mental effort be those marvellous poems not named here, it may be affirmed that the gentle reader who cannot "thus think" so as to follow the fine threads of his endless labyrinths, with the genius of Escobar, is in as parlous a state as another who must be a middle-age metaphysician in order to be saved according to S. Athanasius. How many have leisure, or inclination, after Calverley's inimitable cruelty of imitation of mannerism, to actually *read* "The Ring and the Book"? Eighty thousand lines to be traversed in no hurry, in this busy day! When you are travelling by slow train through one book, reflect how many you are *not reading* the while, which would give you more pleasure and profit. Leave in peace that large class of Browning's works. Be content with the best alternative, which

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is to laud them. That will get you credit. It is one thing to buy a book ; another to "peruse" it ; another to truly enjoy and benefit by it in your soul. This last sentence is intended to balance a well-known one on Reading, by Bacon. After passing by those many long poems which are powerful to deter simple minds, and agreeing with Hesiod that "the half is more than the whole," we find that half inestimably precious, supreme in all the qualities of the highest poetry : adding value to life as well as pleasure for all who will include *poetry* among their best acquisitions. In this utilitarian age you may get on respectably without poetry, even without too exalted a purpose, if you enlist the Angel of Light, the God of this world. But Browning will enrich your soul incalculably. Take this group of three ; a splendid trilogy. *Rabbi ben Ezra*, easy to follow, gives you that wise, ennobling scheme of daily, yearly life, beyond which a hundred other Christian or secular guides can neither think nor guide. Its weakness is only in the shortness of the lines, which diminishes its effectiveness. For anyone who will soberly reflect on his latter end, *Prospice* is unique and sublime. No sermon was ever worthy of comparison with it. And then comes that wonderful offspring of a few hours of meditation at Paris, *Childe Roland*, which even fascinated Huxley. I have proved elsewhere, in spite of all opponents, that as it must be the right key which undoes the lock, the

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consistent esoteric meaning of this marvellous poem is that it delineates by way of allegory, the successive impressions of a dying man, who must obey the last call of Old Time, and travel the unknown journey. It requires careful tracing of the emblematic details, more or less clear, line by line, image after image. But the felicitous consistency is wondrous strange; not more strange than true, as many observers could testify. Curiously in distinction from Newman's beautiful instance of *S. Gerontius*, who is sweetly helped through by the ministrations of saints and exterior conductors, it is the very different adumbration of death-bed sensations, subject to undying confidence in the Father of Life and Death. These three poems are worth years of pondering. Browning's religious poems are splendid commentaries on Scripture narratives or persons. They are astounding in their perception of character! He is far, far away the greatest *Christian* poet we have ever had to preach to us; the uncommonest commentator. *Caliban* S.T.P. trying his muddy genius at Natural Theology, the very incarnation of *Psalm l. 21*, who must have caught some unrecorded influences from Prospero, or somehow rapidly grown to be theologian, poet, or thinker at all, reflects, as the Caliban in any of us tends to reflect who has not caught the light to say "I who saw power see now love perfect too." Of course he is the consistent development of Shakespeare's

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Caliban. No glance at the risen Lazarus in S. John II., except in Tennyson's two sonnets, could ever compare with the strange experience of *Karshish*. Neither divine nor physician ever identified himself with King Saul, sane and insane, until Browning blended his personality into the King's. Who ever before him expressed for us the fanaticism of extreme Calvinism such as we find in the associated fertility and music of *Bells and Pomegranates*? The delightful harmony of earnestness and humour in *Christmas Eve* can be read a hundred times without satiety. *Easter Day* is more difficult to follow. And the professional charge against this threefold Catholicity which could visit Mount Zion Chapel, S. Peter's at Rome, and the dry professor's lecture-room, is naturally, that a visit to a good Anglican service "with sermon," might have combined the excellencies and excluded the defects; even if it enfeebled the contrasts. We might have even suggested to the poet where to go for this fourth instance! For lack of this privilege in *Easter Day* he sadly complicates and subtilises, instead of simplifying for plain Christian enquirers. Other more or less religious poems are intensely inspiring: far above the conventional level we are accustomed to: as *Holy Cross Day*, *The Bishop's Tomb*, *Blougram's Apology*; and the *Heretic's Tragedy*, which no musician has had the genius to adapt for an oratorio. The discount in such noble cases, as

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in *Christmas Eve*, is that few Christian people have much sense of humour, or can appreciate sudden transitions, or combinations of deepest earnestness with gleams or flashes of pure humour. Weeping angels, with our spleen, would laugh mortal!

A curious test of Browning's utility compared with his deep and worldwide thought, art, sympathy, and pathos, is the limited extent to which he supplies quotations. How seldom in the pulpit, the press, the platform, the parlour, compared with Tennyson! One from *The Ring and the Book*! I remember a review of moderate length some years ago, in which nearly all the *Pied Piper* was quoted as specimen of Browning. Indeed, that and *Ghent to Aix* constitute the acquaintance most possess with Browning. And we are come to a pretty pass, if our blindness to a suffering and wicked world takes its blessed optimism from such an oracle as *Pippa*! "God is in heaven: all's right with the world." This is the usual fallacy in the case of poor Shakespeare too: that quotations are made in reckless unconcern as to the character and circumstances of the speaker. Let us have a drawing-room borealis band of students not specially prepared, and emulate in electric flashes of quotations from Browning, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Shakespeare. My hero would not win the honours. I once fell into such a trap with two cultivated Germans, on the *Rothhorn*, when we contended with quotations from *Goethe*. They were very

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generous towards a foreigner. Browning's compositions on music place him without a parallel for the soul and the technique of music. *Abt Vogler* must be committed to memory, if you have a soul, and are not a machine. Other poets with their instinctive genius for rhythm in endless varieties, are on this special subject itself but as "little sharps and trebles." What a strange paradox that this wondrous musical genius should have lived so indifferent to the current of his indescribable lines, so suicidal in the uncontrolled rapidity of thought. A small degree of Tennyson's care in clearness and corrections would have made him infinitely more valuable, more enjoyable, the poet of many instead of the few who love and know him, or profess him. It is sore pain to confess how much, under any possible definition, cannot possibly be ranked as poetry. Like Nature, he is boundlessly wasteful, as boundless rich. *Sordello* and *Paracelsus*, and his grand cycle on Art, are magnificent regions over which this bird's flight of mine would uselessly skim. If his greatest poems that will be imperishable treasures while the constellation of glorious poets shall remain in our English heaven, be within the joyous reach of such as will take a hint from this poor sketch, the majority, who will duly become acquainted with much less, may be grateful at being thus accredited on such easy terms with knowing Browning! Insects in sunshine!



A Ballade of Warning.

BY GREVILLE E. MATHESON.

Our links are set within a barren land
Round which the waters of a dead sea flow ;
Here are great bunkers full of burning sand,
Here are swart skies which like a furnace glow ;
There is not any rain and no winds blow,
Upon the greens the scanty grass is sere—
This is the Hell where wicked golfers go,
All hope abandon ye who enter here !

No respite now for us : a weary band,
From tee to tee we labour to and fro.
Sometimes in pauses of our game we stand
Remembering all our sins of long ago ;
The devil tempted us but once, and lo !
We gave up wife, and home, and all things dear.
Shall not repentance save us ? No, ah No !
All hope abandon ye who enter here !

A Ballade of Warning.

Sometimes a vessel comes, and on the strand
More sinners disembark, sad-hearted, slow :
We scan the sea we have so often scanned,
And watch and wait for others whom we know,
For Lang and Balfour, Hutchinson also,
Yea, many whom on earth we did revere,
Unwitting they were harbingers of woe—
All hope abandon ye who enter here !

ENVOY.

All ye who golf, both amateur and pro.,
Who play not wisely or not well, give ear,
And heed this solemn warning from below,
All hope abandon ye who enter here !





Modernity in Literature and in Life.*

BY REV. J. R. GILLIES.

GOST people who have read "Gaston de Latour" must have laid down this slender little volume with a feeling of sadness. Here is the last from that rich and, on the whole, generous table, where many of us have sat and feasted in time past as with the gods. With a certain sadness we reflect on it—yet why? It is scarcely within the possible that even Mr. Pater could have advanced in his own particular art, or more perfectly realised himself than in these last pages, wherein the ripened wisdom of a studious and thoughtful life have been garnered. When we lay "Gaston" down, it is with the feeling that here is one of those rare books to which we shall often return, which, once read, must be bought and kept by one, the friend of a lifetime.

* "Gaston de Latour," By Walter Pater.

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Absolute perfection may not be within mortal reach. If Mr. Pater has a fault, it is his faultlessness. If he fails of supreme perfection, it is through want of perfect simplicity. The style is sometimes laboured to the point of obscurity. But as the interest of the theme grows on us, as the heat begotten of genuine intellectual effort fuses thought and word together, we come as near to perfection in point of style as could well be. Here is form, colour, expression as of a living thing. Nor is there wanting that subtle charm of best style, comparable to the perfume of a flower, which lingers when contact is past. Every phrase is suggestive, every epithet is choice. It is a veritable undertaking to read a book like this, short as it is. Not that the interest ever flags, but that every line arrests attention and compels homage.

In "Gaston" we have "the experience of a refined and cultivated mind, capable of keen enjoyment in the pleasures of sense and of the intellect, yet destined to find complete satisfaction in what transcends both." The story moves along the same lines with "Marius the Epicurean," but has one great advantage. Marius belongs to a world unfamiliar to many of us, distant from us all: Gaston is one of ourselves, and confronts the very problems that stir and exercise the minds of men to-day. A "Pilgrim's Progress" this, wherein the slough of despond is never far distant and Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, Giant Despair, even Appollyon

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himself, as destiny and circumstance may direct, play their parts.

Gaston is introduced to us in early youth—the representative of an ancient French family. Here is the pleasant level of La Beauce, the great cornfield of central France; and here the Chateau of Deux-Manoirs, his ancestral home. Here, too, is its chapel, a solemn stately building, whose dark roomy spaces are shot through by almost angry rays of purple and crimson—floored with sepulchral stones and sculptured with legendary figures. As you stand in its quiet depths, and look through the doorway, it is the bright world outside, in the green and gold of autumn, that for the time "seems unreal." This is characteristic of a book where the spiritual element is always uppermost. From his youth, Gaston has been dedicated to a religious life, and is enrolled as a member of the Episcopal household of Chartres. At a single step he passes from a dreamy ideal world of his own creation into a world of persistent, piquant, and somewhat perplexing realities. But the grand old Church, the stately service, the religious atmosphere flung over all, still feeds the spiritual in him and seems to satisfy. The question is, will it last? Hitherto there has been a certain unity of interest and aim in his life. From this time he is caught and hurried along by conflicting currents. The Poetry of Ronsard, the Philosophy of Montaigne ("a gay and civil philosophy"), the Mysticism of Bruno

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(with its “coincidence of contraries;” its one maxim, “conform to Nature”), each in turn asserts its sway over a mind susceptible and sympathetic rather than strong. It would be Quixotic to criticise phases of thought, whose force lies in suggestion rather than completeness, which charm us indeed by their conscious and confessed one-sidedness. It is more congenial to notice how each in turn contributes to the end in view—the outfit of a soul. Nor need one raise the question, where all this is to end? The book is unfinished; and, on Montaigne’s principle that doubt is the intellectual equivalent of the infinite possibilities of things, the future of our hero must remain entirely doubtful. One might have hoped for some nearer approach to the Reformed Faith. But what we hear of Gaston’s connection with a Huguenot girl, ending tragically as it did, on the eve of St. Bartholomew’s, forbids such hope. Besides, the age was not rich in great religious teachers (an age of reflection and criticism like our own). A pilgrim this, for whom no golden gates, that we can see, stand open, nor any city of habitation waits: wherein he is, perhaps, the more “one of us.”

The most suggestive chapter in this suggestive book is that entitled, “Modernity.” A stray volume of poems by Ronsard has fallen into Gaston’s hands: and proves to be the revelation of a new world. He had studied the Greek and

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Latin poets with that languid and impersonal interest which prevails in the schools. He had thought of poetry as a quality inherent in books, appealing to the select and learned few whose ranks he had no ambition to join. But here it is a poetry close at hand, in the hum of the bees, the murmur of the waters, and in all the stir and joy of human life. "The poetry of books was like a dead body, it could not bleed: while there was a heart, a poetic heart, in the living world which beat and bled, and spoke with irresistible power." Instead of elderly dons—Virgil in hand and a complete critical apparatus behind them—Love's self stood before him, the eternally youthful, the universally intelligible, unlocking his treasures. Anyone, with an open eye, could read the very secret of existence, written, not on mouldy parchment, but on the green and fruitful earth, God's book, as it stretched on every side. It was his first experience of what our author calls Modernity, as it renews itself from age to age for genial youth, and speaks the one true classic, the language of the heart.

It is not given to everyone to coin new words that shall pass current, enriching human speech; and I am not sure that Mr. Pater (however masterful in the use of the old) has this peculiarly royal prerogative. There is one objection to the term "Modernity" as he employs it. It is misleading. The natural opposite of Modernity

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is Antiquity. Homer is one of the Ancients : yet to any one with moderate knowledge of Greek (such as may be taken for granted in Mr. Pater's readers), Homer is the most modern of poets. Shakespeare lived three hundred years before Browning : but he is certainly not less modern than the great philosophic poet of our day ; nor can one conceive a time when he shall be anything but the most living of writers. Modernity in fact has no relation to time. It does not fix an author's date, but defines his spirit. Its proper opposite is the conventional which, in any age, past or present, means spiritual death. It is less a quality in literature than a phase of life. Modern Europe dates from the Renaissance : and wherever the soul has wakened up and is in touch with nature, Modernity is the result. In this sense of the word, Mr. Pater's treatment of his theme is at once interesting and suggestive.

Mr. Pater is well known as a student of Wordsworth. It is he who speaks of the "penetrative pathos," the "elementary" impressions with which the great poet deals ; and of the "biblical depth and solemnity overhanging this strange new passionate pastoral world" which Wordsworth created for us. One cannot help thinking that in dealing with Ronsard's influence on Gaston, Mr. Pater is reflecting Wordsworth's influence on himself ; and certainly no one was more nobly "modern" in spirit, or has done more to

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redeem life from meanness than the great Poet of Nature. Modernity belongs to no time, because it transcends all time. Only the spiritual is perennially fresh and fair.





The Ballad of the Green Book.*

BY E. R.

In this Green Book every leaf
Tells his gaiety, or grief,
Who for love, and Morvyth's sake,
Birchen grove and hazel-brake
Haunted still, wherever she
Led in her shy forestry.

Here's the page tells how he stood
Waiting in the early wood,
Earlier than the summer sun
Drops the dappled rays that run
Out and in like fairy-folk,
Or the squirrel, thro' the oak ;—
Waiting her beneath the leaves,
Till she came, with silken sleeves,
Till she came—so golden tress'd
It seemed the sunlight from its nest

* Containing the Poems of Davyth ap Gwilym, "the Poet of the Leaves," who died six centuries ago.

Ballad of the Green Book.

Was awakened ere its hour,
As lamps may wake a sleepy flower.

Yellow, yellow was her hair :
When their heads together there
Bowed and bent, it seem'd the broom
Transplanted to the beechen gloom.
Davyth's hair was yellow too,
And flowing, rhymed with hers in hue.
Happy rhymer, whose mischance
Was his rapture and romance ;
Since 'twas only 'mid the trees
He might taste his poet's peace
At her side, or in her eyes
Find his poet's paradise.

Sweeter songs were never flung
At hard fate, than Davyth sung,
As he waited in the dream
Of her gold's irradiate gleam ;
Thinking always that the leaves
Told the rustle of her sleeves ;
Sorrowing then, lest never more
She would cross the leafy floor
Of the forest where each tree
Sighed a lost felicity.

Every birch tree, every bird
That o'er-sang the forest sward,
Kept his secret, fed his song,—
Feathered arrows for his wrong ;—

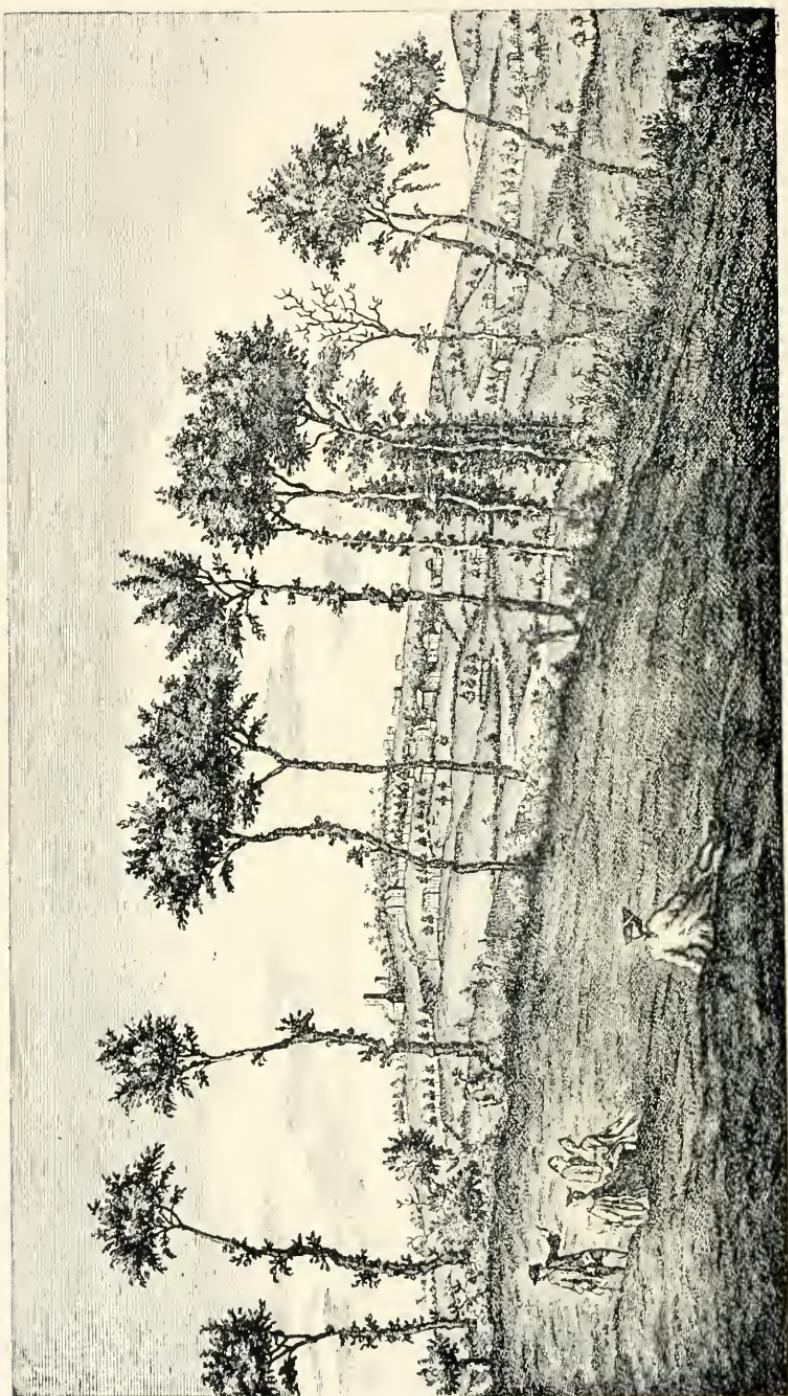
Ballad of the Green Book.

And their quiver is this book,
Where, if you but truly look,
You shall find some dart that will
Ease the bow of sorrow still.

But, alas ! of all he sung,
Only in his ancient tongue,
May its perfect tune be caught.
Here you have, yet have it not,
Like a whistled melody,
When the singer is not by.
Now, no rhyme can ever tell
All the Green Book's chronicle :—
How in Bangor's Easter choir,
First there fell a mystic fire
Thro' the painted panes, and stole
A sun ray for an aureole,
To crown the sudden loveliness
Never to be wholly his.

Never quite, to us is brought
All the heav'n of which we thought ;
Never quite, that visioned glory
Gave its gold up to the story
Of the Poet of the Leaves.
But his song, the while it grieves
Grows but sweeter to the ear.
Gone his grief this many a year ;
But the Green Book keeps his rhyme
Radiant to the end of time.

VIEW OF HAMPTON FROM PRIMROSE HILL, 1779.





Gray's Letters to West.

BY CHARLES BAWDON.

GRAY'S letters are the record of friendships death alone could break, and in no part of this record is the charm of Gray's character more fully brought out than in that relating his friendship with Richard West.

Thanks to Mr. D. E. Tovey, who in "Gray and his Friends" gives us West's letters and poems, we can now view this friendship from either side. Until the publication of this book a very small portion of West's letters were accessible to the public, and his poems had to be sought for among the numerous volumes of Bell's "English Poets," and similar collections.

It is rather strange that they should have had to wait nearly a century and a half before they found anyone to collect and publish them, as, apart

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from their reflected interest to readers of Gray and Walpole, they have a distinct literary value of their own.

Mr. Cunningham, in his edition of Walpole's Letters, describes West as "the most promising of all our young poets—Chatterton, perhaps, excepted." Those who have read the lines :—

" Ah me ! what boots us all our boasted power,
Our golden treasury, and our purpled state ?
They cannot ward th' inevitable hour,
Nor stay the fearful violence of Fate ; "

and remember that they were written by a youth of twenty, will feel that this praise was not too great.

Several of West's friends have testified to the charm of his nature. No testimony, however, could be greater than the following letter from Gray, the most reserved of men : ". . . Last post I received a very diminutive letter. It made excuses for its unentertainingness, very little to the purpose ; since it assured me, very strongly, of your esteem, which is to me *the* thing ; all the rest appear but as the *petits agréments*, the garnishing of the dish. P. Bougeant, in his "Langage des Bêtes," fancies that your birds, who continually repeat the same note, say only in plain terms, "Je vous aime, ma chère ; ma chère, je vous aime ;" and that those of greater genius indeed, with various trills, run divisions on the subject, but that the font from whence it all proceeds is "toujours je vous aime."

Gray's Letters to West.

Now you may, as you find yourself dull or in humour, either take me for a chaffinch or a nightingale; sing your plain song, or show your skill in music, but in the bottom let there be, *toujours de l'amitié.*"

Most of Gray's letters to West were written during the two and a half years that he spent travelling through Europe. Before he started, the listless melancholy, that grew almost terrible towards the end of his life, had already appeared. A short time before he left England he wrote: "Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose and force a feeble laugh with me: but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world."

While he was on his travels these clouds rolled away; but, as soon as he returned to England, they reappeared, never to disperse again for any appreciable length of time. It is to this temporary relief that posterity is indebted for those excellent pictures of travel. His well known description of the journey up to the Grand Chartreuse, and the half-humorous description of the confluence of the Rhone and Soane, show a love of nature that none of his contemporaries possessed.

While Gray was travelling, West was at the Temple studying law. Unfortunately he had neither the health nor the inclination for it; and

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after two years he left the Temple and took lodgings in Bond Street. He evidently intended to continue his legal studies there, as he writes : " It is certain, at least, I may study the law here as well as I could there." His aversion to law was, however, unconquerable, as he wrote to Horace Walpole a year later asking him to use his influence to obtain him a commission in the army. His health, must have prevented the thought of any such career as this. Indeed, a few months after he wrote this letter he went down to Popes, a village near Hatfield ; where two months later he died.

While at Popes he wrote a Latin poem concerning his "importunissima tussis," it being the "production of four o'clock in the morning, while I lay in bed tossing and coughing, and all unable to sleep." To this Gray replied : " You are the first who ever made a muse of a cough ; to me it seems a much more easy task to versify in one's sleep (that, indeed you were of old famous for) than for want of it. Not the wakeful nightingale (when she had a cough) ever sung so sweetly. I give you thanks for your warble, and wish you could sing yourself to rest. These wicked remains of your illness will surely give way to warm weather, and gentle exercise ; which I hope you will not omit as the season advances. Whatever low spirits and indolence, the effect of them, may advise to the contrary, I pray you add five steps to your daily walk for my sake ; by the help of which,

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in a month's time, I propose to set you on horseback."

This letter, a long one, goes on to discuss subjects of literary and mutual interest. Lord Lytton made it the basis on which he founded a charge of want of feeling on Gray's part towards West. This was rather unfair; in the first place, there is much likelihood that Gray did not know how ill West was; and, secondly, if he did, he would not dwell too long on the state of his health, but try to drive the thoughts of his correspondent into other channels. This letter of Gray's was written in April, 1742. West died on June 1st in his twenty-sixth year.

His life was certainly one "long disease." Before he had reached manhood, he writes: "Alas, Gray, you cannot imagine how miserably my time passes away. My health and nerves and spirits are thank, my stars, the very worst, I think, in Oxford. Four-and-twenty hours of unalloyed health together are as unknown to me as the 400,000 characters in the Chinese vocabulary."

The latter part of his life was, moreover, embittered by the belief that his mother—a daughter of Bishop Burnet—had poisoned his father. It is not known upon what grounds this belief was founded, and it is quite possible that it may only have been an hallucination of a mind worn by disease.



Sonnets to Hampstead.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

I.

Sweet upland, to whose walks, with fond repair,
Out of thy western slope I took my rise
Day after day, and on these feverish eyes
Met the moist fingers of the bathing air ;—
If health, unearned of thee, I may not share,
Keep it, I pray thee, where my memory lies,
In thy green lanes, brown dells, and breezy skies,
Till I return, and find thee doubly fair.

Wait then my coming, on that lightsome land,
Health, and the joy that out of nature springs,
And Freedom's air-blown locks ;—but stay with me,
Friendship, frank entering with the cordial hand,
And Honour, and the Muse with growing wings,
And Love Domestic, smiling equably.

SURREY JAIL, *August 27th, 1813.*

Sonnets to Hampstead.

II.

They tell me, when my tongue grows warm on thee,
Dear gentle hill, with tresses green and bright,
That thou art wanting in the finishing sight
Sweetest of all for summer eyes to see ;—
That whatsoe'er thy charm of tower and tree,
Of dell wrapped in, or airy-viewing height,
No water looks from out thy face with light,
Or waits upon thy walks refreshfully.

It may be so,—casual though pond or brook :—
Yet not to me so full of all that's fair.
Though fruit-embowered, with fingerling sun
between,
Were the divinest fount in Fancy's nook,
In which the nymphs sit tying up their hair,
Their white backs glistening through the myrtles
green.

SURREY JAIL, *August*, 1814.

III.

Winter has reached thee once again at last ;
And now the rambler, whom thy groves yet please,
Feels on his house-warm lips the thin air freeze,
While in his shrugging neck the resolute blast
Comes edging ; and the leaves in heaps down cast,
He shuffles with his hastening foot, and sees

Sonnets to Hampstead.

The cold sky whitening through the wiry trees,
And sighs to think his loitering noons have passed.

And do I love thee less to paint thee so ?
No : this the season is of beauty still,
Doubled at heart ; of smoke, with whirling glee
Uptumbling ever from the blaze below,
And house remembered most,—and oh, loved hill,
The second, and the last, away from thee.

SURREY JAIL, November, 1814.

IV.

The baffled spell that bound me is undone,
And I have breathed once more beneath thy sky,
Lovely-browed Hampstead ; and my looks have
run

O'er and about thee, and had scarce drawn nigh,
When I beheld, in momentary sun,
One of thy hills gleam bright and bosomy,
Just like that orb of orbs, a human one,
Let forth by chance upon a lover's eye.

Forgive me then, that not before I spoke :
Since all the comforts, miss'd in close distress,
With airy nod came up from every part,
O'er smiling speech : and so I gazed and took
A long deep draught of silent freshfulness,
Ample, and gushing round my fevered heart.

May 3rd, 1815.

Sonnets to Hampstead.

V.

As one who after long and far-spent years
Comes on his mistress in an hour of sleep,
And half surprised that he can silence keep,
Stands smiling o'er her through a flash of tears,
To see how sweet and self-same she appears ;
Till at his touch, with little moving creep
Of joy, she wakes from out her calmness deep,
And then his heart finds voice, and dances round
her ears :

So I, first coming on my haunts again,
In pause and stillness of the early prime,
Stood thinking of the past and present time
With earnest eyesight, scarcely crossed with pain ;
Till the fresh-moving leaves, and startling birds,
Loosened my long suspended breath in words.

VI.

A steeple issuing from a leafy rise,
With farmy fields in front and sloping green,
Dear Hampstead, is thy southern face serene,
Silently smiling on approaching eyes.
Within, thine ever-shifting looks surprise,
Streets, hills and dells, trees overhead now seen,
Now down below, with smoking roofs between,—
A village, revelling in varieties.

Sonnets to Hampstead.

Then northward what a range,—with heath and pond
Nature's own ground; woods that let mansions through,
And cottaged vales with billowy fields beyond,
And clump of darkening pines, and prospects blue,
And that clear path through all, where daily meet
Cool cheeks, and brilliant eyes, and morn-elastic feet.





L'Envoi.

'Tis but few lines we trace,
The friends who leave their brief memorials here ;
Yet may each page recall some well-known face,
And so the book be dear.

Time passes swiftly on,
Like some deep river rushing to the sea ;
The busy years are with us and are gone
Ere yet they seemed to be.

And as life's day descends,
And shadows lengthen, and our paths divide,
We still think kindly of the parted friends,
Who once were at our side.

So, in those further times
When change and fate have drifted us apart—
May our remembrance, trembling through these
 rhymes,
Come kindly to some heart.

BROOKE HERFORD.



Hampstead Notes and Queries.

HAMPSTEAD'S NEW COAT OF ARMS.

By E. E. NEWTON.

UNTIL the present year the Borough of Hampstead has had no suitable or proper coat of arms, crest, or motto. What sufficed as an emblem and seal, was a representation of a branch of holly, which had just as much historical connection with the parish as a sprig of oak, elm, willow, or heather, or other arborical plant indigenous to Hampstead.

The proper heraldic description of the present design (of which an illustration is here given) is as follows:—Coat of Arms, azure, on a cross argent a mitre between four fleurs-de-lis gules, a chief indented or, fretty gules. Crest, a buck's head couped argent, gorged with a wreath of holly fructed proper. Motto—*Non sibi sed toti*.

These insignia were arrived at by combining and adapting certain coats of arms of families that have played an important part in the history of Hampstead, the coat being made up of parts

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of the Arms of the Abbey of Westminster, and the families of Hickes, Noel, and Langhorne.

The Abbey of Westminster is represented by the blue ground, the indented chief of gold and the red mitre; the family of Hickes by the fleurs-de-lis on the cross, and the crest; the family of Noel by the gold chief again, the red lattice work upon it, and also, as in the case of the former family, by the buck's head in the crest. The Langhorns are represented by the silver cross and the red fleurs-de-lis, these being also part of the arms of the Hickes family, except that they are gold. The wreath of holly round the buck's neck is intended to commemorate the old seal, and the motto was adopted on the suggestion of the Chairman of the Vestry, Sir Henry Harben, J.P.

The seal is circular in shape, containing the whole of the coat of arms, crest, and motto, and is surrounded by the words "The Seal of the Vestry of St. John, Hampstead."

A NOVELIST'S HAMPSTEAD.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

I HAVE often been asked since the publication of "A Puritan's Wife," if the scenes sketched in that book have any foundation in history so far, at least, as Hampstead is concerned. In answering such a question, it is necessary to remember that a novelist's village is rarely a geographer's village, even in a modern novel, still less in a work which has an historical background. The Hampstead I have endeavoured to draw is, perhaps, the Hampstead of the romancer rather than of the antiquarian. Yet it was my hope so to draw it that the truth of the picturesqueness of its environment and of its then isolation should be fully brought out. Needless to tell any lover of the old village that the "King's House" lay close by the Spaniards. If it be altogether a house of the imagination, I yet feel that I could put my finger on the site of it. No doubt that description which speaks of the old church with "a line of houses upon either side," is reminiscent of the Hampstead of our own time. But it should be remembered, from the novelist's point of view, that the life of the village ever centered about its church, and that Hugh Peters looked upon that

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church from the upper windows of his house. And I doubt not that the woods of Hampstead in the year of the plague were as truly sylvan and as extensive as I have made them out to be.

To what extent the great plague visited Hampstead is a question the lover of statistics may well apply himself to. It was one of my objects in writing "*A Puritan's Wife*" to show the effects of the plague, not in London herself, but in the surrounding town and villages. That many terrible scenes must have happened upon the Great North Road is a matter of history. Again and again the coaches of the rich men were turned back by the constables of those towns in which panie had taken root. We hear of men and women sleeping in the woods for weeks together. The thickets about Hadleigh and Barnet seem, for a while, to have become a vast camp wherein there was no distinction of class or of suffering. Hampstead must have witnessed something of these scenes ; yet it is a feather in the cap of the old village that Defoe makes no mention of her in his plague bills, though there was a week during the visitation when he records fifty-eight deaths at Hornsey, and one hundred and twenty-one at St. Alban's.

* * * *

The following passage from Mr. Max Pemberton's romance, "*A Puritan's Wife*,"† will serve to illustrate his references to those laid at the "King's House," in the Hampstead of 1665-1666. The hero of the story, Hugh Peters, was imprisoned, we should explain, in this house for some weeks while the plague was raging in London. A price had been put upon his head by the King, as he was one of those who hunted Charles II. at Boscobel, and he is lured to Hampstead and there subjected to many privations. It would be unfair to tell more of his tale here, or of the effect the plague had on his destiny. Will Monk, the jailer of the "King's House," is, at the point reached in our extract, showing his prisoner the distant prospect over London :—

"The air was very sweet at the open window ; and I soon discovered in what kind of a situation this King's house lay. It was built upon the east side of the hill at Hampstead ; and a great green wood girded it about so you might see nothing of the village in the vale ; but only the mighty city which lay in the distant

† "*A Puritan's Wife.*" By Max Pemberton. (Cassell & Co.) 6/-.

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valley as a kernel may lie in a nut. Or, looking out from the back of the house, the spire of Harrow church was plainly to be seen with the long ridge of heights where Barnet is ; and beyond Barnet the town of St. Albans. Nearer to my view was the squat tower of the church at Hampstead, with a line of houses upon either side—very tall and built of brick ; but with no prettiness to my mind. Yet had I good words of praise for the old garden which was a part of Sir Nathaniel's place ; and so sweet with gillyflowers and wild thyme and bushes of scented roses that the air was ever warmed with its delicious perfumes. A great wall ran round this wooded haven of blossoms ; and I was quick to observe that what the French call a *chevaux-de-frise* was set upon the top of it, while the gate was well spiked with iron, and twice barred against any that would pass out. But whether it was so barred against a possible attack from an enemy or as a measure for my better security was not to be learnt.

A SECOND smaller edition of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's "My Long Life,"† has reached us in time to remind those readers who have not yet seen the book that it contains, among other rosy reminiscences, some delightful living glimpses of Leigh Hunt in Hampstead, and of his circle, there and elsewhere, including Mary and Charles Lamb, Keats, and others. "An enchanting treat of those childish years," says Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, "was what we called 'a day in the fields,' when, generally at some spot between Hampstead and Highgate, we met Leigh Hunt and his family." A sort of picnic formed an early part of the programme ; and after "cold lamb and salad," Leigh Hunt often read aloud ; on one occasion, Dogberry's "Charge to the Watchmen," and another time, some scenes from Sheridan's "Rivals." "Leigh Hunt's reading," adds Mrs. Clarke, "was the perfection of spirited perusal. He possessed innate fascination of voice, look, and manner." His portrait, it should be said, appears with others in the pages of this pleasant contribution to the literature relating indirectly to Hampstead.

The same publisher sends us an excellent little reprint from the late Sir Samuel Ferguson's poems, in "Lays of the Red

† "My Long Life: An Autobiographic Sketch," by Mary Cowden-Clarke. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

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Branch,"* which forms part of the indispensable *New Irish Library*. The volume contains a capital introduction by Lady Ferguson. Hampstead has so many Celtic inhabitants, that we may safely in this case relax for a moment the rule of only mentioning works of local interest.

* * * *

AMONG the books which recently have been announced or already published, whose authors or editors are associated with Hampstead, may be mentioned the following:—"A Fountain Sealed," by Sir Walter Besant—"The Poems of Thomas Hood," edited by Canon Ainger—"Echoes of Olden Days," by Beatrice Harraden—"The Letters of D. G. Rossetti to William Allingham," edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill—"Stained Glass as an Art," by Henry Holiday—"Oliver Cromwell" and "Women of the Old Testament," by Dr. Horton—"The Queen of the Jesters," by Max Pemberton—"A History of Renaissance Architecture in England, A.D. 1500—1800," by Reginald Blomfield—"The Works of the Brontës," in 12 volumes, of which the first ("Jane Eyre") is ready, edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll—"The Ne'er do Well," by Annie S. Swan—"Poems of the Love and Pride of England," edited by Frederick and Millicent Wedmore—"The Martian," by George du Maurier—"Pictures and Studies of Greek Landscape and Architecture," with illustrations by J. Fulleylove, R.I., and accompanying descriptions by Henry W. Nevins—"From the old Faith to the New," by P. E. Vizard—"Studies in Psychical Research" by Frank Podmore—and volumes of Keats and Beaumont and Fletcher in the "Lyric Poets Series."

S. C. M.

QUERIES.

1. A HAMPSTEAD ASTRONOMER.

It is said that one of the earliest tenants of the house afterwards converted into the hostelry which is known as Jack Straw's Castle, was an astronomer of some eminence at the beginning of the last century, who had a private observatory there. Can any subscriber to the *Annual* inform me more fully

* "Lays of the Red Branch," by Sir Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., L.L.D., etc. *New Irish Library*. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

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of his name and history, or give particulars of the writings on Astronomy that he is reported to have left?—J.F.C.

2. LA FEUILLADE.

Perhaps some Hampstead Annalist will explain why the old inn on the way from here to Highgate bore formerly *La Feuillade* on its sign?—JOHN ST.

[*La Feuillade* was simply the name of a former landlord.—ED.

3. A PICTURE BY ROMNEY.

One of the pictures painted by Romney in his studio at Holly Hill, was a portrait of a Hampstead lady, attired in milk-maid fashion, with a background taken from the garden adjoining. I wonder if some local correspondent could supply me with a clue to the present possessor of the work, which was engraved after being removed from the house in Frogнал, on whose walls it was formerly to be seen.—E. HAMILTON.

4. LEIGH HUNT'S COTTAGE.

Can any reader tell me what became of the pane of glass inscribed by a diamond with Shelley's and Keats', and, I believe, other names, when in Hunt's house in the Vale of Health? I ask because its owner is said to have other and conclusive evidence as to the exact site in the Vale on which the house stood.—

A FORMER RESIDENT.

5. WELL WALK.

Will some medical or other local authority furnish me with the title, date, etc., of a brief pamphlet (said to be in the Harleian collection, but not to be discovered in the printed volumes), published early last century, upon the "extraordinary virtues of the Hampstead Wells?" Its cover was adorned with a crude wood-cut of the old house at the Wells.—B.B.

6. ERNEST JONES: CHARTIST.

Would some correspondent kindly enable me to identify the house in Rosslyn Hill where Ernest Jones lived formerly.—J.J.

7. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

We believe some materials for a Bibliography of Hampstead books, and books in which reference is made to the locality, were collected by a previous local librarian. We should be glad to

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know if these are still in existence or, to have any contributions from our readers, in the way of titles, etc., of scarcer works, claiming mention in such a Bibliography. Another year, it is proposed to print in the *Annual* a first section of the subject.—

ED.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT

ON closing the last of our contributors' pages, we owe them more than a parting acknowledgment for their ungrudging good services with pen and pencil. Without their help, let us recognise, the *Annual* had not been started on this first adventure at all. Canon Ainger, who has given us in it his witty and tender memories of his lost friend, for so long one of our most famous Hampstead inhabitants, spoke once of the "spiritual loftiness—the uplifting of the wit," to be had by living in these northern heights. Perhaps this accounts for a sort of pride of place, which has led so many of our Hampstead writers and artists to make the fortunes of its first *Annual*—nay, its first published book—their own? An echo of this sentiment, this gentler patriotism of a great suburb, is heard in Sir Walter Besant's preface, and it sounds all through our pages, suggesting why Hampstead too should seek to prove that it can tell its own tale in its own way. This does not explain, however, the friendly attitude of others and outsiders who have given their aid and deserve our thanks. Mr. Walter Raymond has sent us a twice-told tale from the heart of Wessex, for which we have also to thank *Time*; while to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Bookman*, are due further important items in our programme; and to Mr. F. E. Baines we owe four delightful illustrations. Another year, we hope to profit by the mistakes of this, and to carry on the campaign still more vigorously; and to that end, we beg old contributors to contribute again, and fresh contributors to come forward with the new great works (brief enough for our purposes) which they are even now contemplating.



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